

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

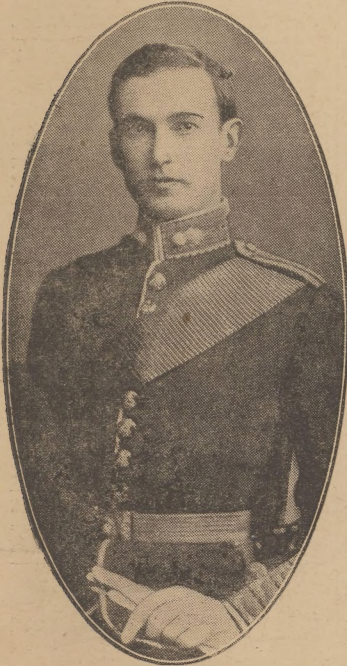
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One Halfpenny.

NEW EARL STANHOPE. STRANGEST GOOD FRIDAY CUSTOM IN THE WORLD.



The new Earl Stanhope is the eldest son of the late peer, who died on Wednesday after undergoing a severe operation. He is twenty-four years of age, and is an officer of the Grenadier Guards.—(H. W. Barnett.)

BIRMINGHAM'S NEW RULER.



Alderman Beale, a brother-in-law of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has been elected Lord Mayor of Birmingham.—(Whitlock.)



The "Procession of Silence," which passes through the streets of Orduna, near Bilbao, in Spain, every Good Friday, is one of the most curious of religious ceremonies. The most remarkable feature of the procession is the strange hooded figures, who call the people with huge speaking-trumpets. After them come the bearers of a veiled crucifix, and about half an hour later a crowd of men, women, and children, marching barefoot and in silence, traverses the streets.

MORE STRENGTH FOR ROJESTVENSKY

Third Baltic Squadron Within
Two Days' Reach.

TOGO OUT-MANEUVRED?

Formidable Reinforcements for the
Russian Admiral.

It is reported that the third Baltic Squadron, under Admiral Nebogatoff, has arrived at Sunda Straits, and may within two days join Rojestvensky's fleet, still lying in the neighbourhood of Kamranh Bay.

If this prove correct, then it is significant news indeed, and throws much light upon Rojestvensky's unaccountably long stay in the territorial waters of France.

The inference obviously is that Rojestvensky planned this delay to enable Admiral Nebogatoff to join him, and so to offer a more efficient battle-line to Togo.

Japan is anxious about the Kamranh Bay incident, and the French Government has promised to institute a thorough inquiry, which, however, must take time—exactly what Rojestvensky needs, and no doubt bargained for.

Togo's whereabouts is still unknown to all save the Mikado and his immediate advisers.

HELP FOR ROJESTVENSKY.

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Matin" this morning publishes a sensational statement from its St. Petersburg correspondent, who says it is affirmed at the Admiralty that the squadron of Admiral Nebogatoff is now in the Sunda Straits ready to effect a junction with Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet.—Central News.

WAS TOGO OUTWITTED?

The view is freely entertained in Paris, says Dalziel, that the Russian Admiral stole a march upon Admiral Togo in occupying Kamranh Bay.

As soon as he received definite intelligence that the Russians were passing Singapore, Admiral Togo started off at full speed for Kamranh, the possession of which would have enabled him to force Admiral Rojestvensky into a battle under the worst possible conditions for the Russians, who would have had no chance of falling back upon Saigon in the event of being defeated.

It is suggested in Paris that the present outcry of the Japanese Press against the French for permitting the Russians to remain at Kamranh is entirely induced by the Japanese Government's disgust at the clever manner in which Admiral Rojestvensky has forestalled Admiral Togo in the possession of the bay.

JAPAN'S POLITE REQUEST.

PARIS, Thursday.—Through the agency of Dr. Motono, Japanese Ambassador in Paris, Japan has made a formal protest complaining of the long stay of Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet at Kamranh Bay, which is causing disquietude to the Japanese Government.

Japan asks, accordingly, that certain information may be furnished with regard to the incident, and points out that the prolonged stay of the squadron at Kamranh Bay constitutes a violation of neutrality.

M. Delcasse has answered courteously that the required information shall be given, but that some time may elapse before a full reply can be furnished.—Central News.

ROJESTVENSKY'S RISKS.

BERLIN, Thursday.—According to the opinion of a competent Russian authority, Admiral Rojestvensky intends to take terrible risks without flinching in his desperate effort to destroy the Japanese fleet.

In Russia it is fully realised that all sacrifices are justifiable in the attainment of this object.

COERCED BY OLD MAIDS.

Pastor Resigns Because They Object to His
Affiliated Bride.

The Rev. Adams Henry Dockham, of the Mitineague Methodist Church, Massachusetts, has resigned his pastorate because the members of his flock are not satisfied with his choice of Miss Elizabeth Madden for a bride.

"A dozen old maids are jealous," Miss Madden says. "They have gossiped about us, and now that we are determined to be married they hope Mr. Dockham will be appointed to some country church."

"I am twenty-seven, and he is forty-seven, and it is no one's business but our own."

THE KING'S TOUR. DISCONTENT.

May Resign If Not Allowed To
Have His Way.

HIS COSTLY PROGRAMME.

Lord Kitchener's serious trouble with the military members of the Council of India was the talk of political and military circles in London yesterday. Rumours of a threatened resignation were received without surprise.

For a long time it has been known that Lord Kitchener is dissatisfied with the progress of his army reform and frontier defence schemes, and has attributed delay to the hostility of the military element in the Council.

When he is able to be present at the Council the Commander-in-Chief gets his own way, but he is often far removed from Calcutta or Simla, and has to depend on the military member, Sir Edmond Elles, for the introduction and explanation of his requirements.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

From Sir Edmond Elles, it is said, he does not always get the support he desires. Hence the present difficulty.

At the India Office yesterday a high military official offered an explanation designed to allay public anxiety, which, nevertheless, emphasised the fact that trouble exists.

"Friction always has existed and always will exist between the Commander-in-Chief and the financial authorities," said this official, "and there may be friction to-day. But you must not believe that it is possible for the military member of the Council to veto proposals of Lord Kitchener."

"The Commander-in-Chief is himself a member of the Council, and should the military member fail to report a requisition can raise the question himself."

RIISING EXPENDITURE.

The Indian financial statement shows that the expenses of the Indian army during the past twelve months have been £200,000 in excess of any previous year.

One of Lord Kitchener's urgent proposals, that for the rearmament of the artillery, will cost £950,000; and a further expenditure of £1,145,000 is being entailed by increase in small-arm ammunition reserves—suggested by the experience of the Russo-Japanese war; increase of ammunition columns, of reserves of rifles, etc.

For Lord Kitchener's general reorganisation scheme a sum of £2,000,000 per annum will be allotted.

REIGN OF RAPINE.

Greeks Sweep Down on Macedonian Village
and Spare Neither Women Nor Children.

Grossome details have been forwarded by Reuter from Monastir of the savage massacre perpetrated by Greeks at Zagoritchani, about thirty miles from Monastir.

For a month the villagers have lived in terrified anticipation of attack. Their pleas for protection passed unheeded.

On April 7, 300 Greeks, under three leaders, surrounded the village, and for an hour and a half they massacred people indiscriminately—shooting, stabbing, hacking, and dynamiting.

In the village were found sixty-two unburied corpses, including six women and two children (who had been bayoneted), and six people wounded.

SELF-DEGRADED.

Condemned Sergeant Himself Tears Off the
Braid of His Uniform.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Wednesday.—In a curious way, Sergeant Wolf, of the Third Company of the 21st Regiment, expressed his penitence for extending his leave and assaulting a colleague.

Wolf, who was an excellent soldier and popular with the officers, was sentenced to five months' imprisonment.

"I agree to the degradation," he said, "but the imprisonment is too light."

Before he was removed, he cried: "First I must degrade myself." He then tore the gold braid from his uniform.

TURBINE ENGINE SCATTERS DEATH.

By the explosion of a turbine blowing engine, Charles Hainfor and Arthur Paxton, married men, were killed at Sir B. Samuelson's Newport Iron Works, Middlesbrough, yesterday.

The engine-house was wrecked, and an official had a miraculous escape.

THE KING'S TOUR. Queen Fatigued and Part of Royal Plans Abandoned.

ALGIERS, Thursday.—The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with the King and Queen on board, escorted by the cruisers Aboukir and Suffolk, left to-day for Bougie, where King Edward landed at two o'clock.

His Majesty was received by the Mayor and the Sub-Prefect, while salutes of artillery were fired by the land batteries. After making a tour of the town, the King, accompanied by the Mayor and Sub-Prefect, went for a drive in the environs.

Her Majesty was somewhat fatigued, and therefore did not land.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra deferred until to-morrow their visit to the Chabet Gorges.

Accompanied by the Governor-General, their Majesties will later re-embark for Philippeville, and visit Constantine, whence they will return to Philippeville, leaving probably on Sunday for Sardinia.

Their Majesties have abandoned their intention of visiting Biskra and Timgad.

At dessert at the banquet last night on board the royal yacht, King Edward, proposing the toast of France, declared that he was delighted with his stay in Algiers, and thanked M. Jonnart for the very cordial reception he had met with everywhere.

M. Jonnart, in reply, thanked his Majesty for his gracious words. Algeria, he said, was delighted at the royal visit, and pleased to know that the King was carrying away with him such pleasant recollections of his stay.—Reuter.

Their Majesties are expected at Marseilles on Friday, April 28, says Dalziel.

ROYAL GIFT TO LORD SELBORNE.

In view of the Earl of Selborne's prospective departure for South Africa, the King has forwarded to him from the Continent a very fine picture, which was delivered at Blackmore yesterday.

Mr. Balfour went into Hampshire yesterday to pay a brief visit to his kinsman before going on to Clouds, near Salisbury, to stay with the Hon. Percy Wyndham.

MR. BALFOUR AS SPONSOR.

Bachelor Premier Gives His Name to a
Bishop's Grandson.

Mr. Balfour appeared in a new rôle yesterday—namely, that of sponsor to the infant child of the Rev. Dr. Ford, headmaster of Repton, and Mrs. Ford (née Talbot), who was baptised at the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, London Bridge.

The Premier drove to the church in his motor-car, accompanied by his cousin, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and the christening ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Rochester, Bishop-Designate of Southwark, grandfather of the child.

Jordan water was used, and the names given to the boy were Arthur Edward, in compliment to Mr. Balfour and the grandfather and uncle of the child.

UPSET IN A SQUALL.

Another Disaster to Shetland Boat Costs Lives
of Three Men.

Another boating fatality has occurred off the Shetlands, involving the death of three men.

They left for home on Tuesday afternoon, and as the distance was only short, the journey could have been done in a few hours. The boat has been found far out at sea, but no trace of its occupants has been discovered. It is supposed that the craft was upset in a squall near the islands.

The loss coming after the recent disasters is heavily felt amongst the Shetland islanders.

TUTOR FOR PRINCESS MARGARET.

A Stockholm message states that M. C. Oesterberg, master at the New Elementary School, Stockholm, has been appointed Swedish tutor to Princess Margaret of Connaught, who is engaged to be married to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Norway.

He will leave for England within the next few days.—Reuter.

POPE'S DOCTOR ATTENDS ACTOR.

ROME, Thursday.—Sir Charles Wyndham is now under treatment for weakness of the left arm following on his recent dislocation of the shoulder. Dr. Mazzoni, the well-known surgeon who operated on Pope Leo during the Pontiff's last illness, is attending him.—Reuter.

£20,000 BEQUEST TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The late Mr. James Ford, a Leith merchant, bequeathed to the Foreign Mission Fund of the United Free Church of Scotland the sum of £20,000.

CHILLIPEPS. FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

This Year's Easter Likely To Be
Cold but Fine.

RUSH FROM TOWN.

Holiday weather prospects showed some improvement yesterday.

The depressing effect of the east wind was mitigated by bright sunshine, and the spirits of holiday-makers rose with the temperature.

It will be a chilly Easter, according to present indications, but not a wet one.

Mr. Hugh Clements, whose forecasts have proved singularly accurate on previous occasions, sends us the following anticipatory weather note:—

From Saturday, April 22, to Tuesday, April 25, the weather will be generally fine, though somewhat cold and windy, and there will be no precipitation sufficiently large to be recorded during the period.

SCENES AT THE STATIONS.

Apparently yesterday's gleam of sunshine decided many waverers in favour of holiday-making. The rush out of London was the greatest seen for some years.

Pressure was felt at the cloak-rooms first, and the receiving-rooms at each terminus were literally choked with luggage by mid-day.

At Waterloo nearly 5,000 packages were handled, and Liverpool-street had a record day. London Bridge had the same tale to tell. So had Paddington, Euston, and St. Pancras.

Scarcely had there come a lull in the arrival of luggage when the disgorging process began. This continued until a late hour at night.

Perhaps the rush was greatest to the South Coast. Brighton trains filled like magic, and overflowed passengers surged along the line of crowded carriages waiting for the next train.

Eastbourne had a duplicated service, and the Isle of Wight was a magnet for an unusually large number of visitors.

Scotsmen going north for the holidays thronged the platforms at Euston and St. Pancras. Home-farers going west were equally prominent at Paddington.

Full advantage was taken of the excellent services to the Continent, and the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe will be more in evidence on the boulevards this Easter than was the case last year.

Indeed, if the prospects of the summer can be measured by the Easter outgoings—and it usually can—a very busy and prosperous season is assured.

REPORTS FROM HOLIDAY RESORTS.

Encouraging reports have been received from the *Daily Mirror's* correspondents at many holiday resorts.

SCARBOROUGH.—There was bright sunshine at Scarborough yesterday, and the atmosphere is much warmer. The sea has become calmer, and the prospect is a delightful one for holiday-makers.

BRIGHTON.—In spite of cold, easterly winds Brighton is very full. The weather is improving, and the wind not so piercing as early in the week.

GOOD FRIDAY CONCERTS.

The usual Good Friday sacred concerts will take place at the Crystal Palace this afternoon and evening. In the afternoon Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given, and Mme. Clara Butt, Mr. Charles Saunders, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Kennerley Rumford will be among the singers. In the evening the full band of H.M. Coldstream Guards will be the chief attraction.

At the Crown Theatre, Peckham, there will also be sacred concerts at 2.30 and 8 p.m.

Rosherville Gardens will also be opened to-day, when a sacred concert will be given, and the gardens will remain open for a week, to reopen for the summer season on Whit Sunday, June 11.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Sir John Sibbald, a Lunacy Commissioner for Scotland, died in Edinburgh yesterday.

For brutality to a servant girl, Mrs. Ryan, wife of a Bolton doctor, and her son were fined £10 and £2 respectively at Bolton yesterday.

Sir Henry Irving, in the best of health and spirits, has returned to London from Torquay to superintend the first rehearsal of "Becket."

Gathered to protest against the treatment of china workers at Limoges, rioters at St. Junien (Haute Vienne) yesterday looted a bookseller's shop.

Two more ocean steamship companies patronised Dover yesterday for the first time—represented by the Feldmarschall for German East Africa, and the Denbighshire from Colombo.

To please Richard Wagner's widow, the municipal authorities have prohibited motor-cars from entering Bayreuth, on the ground that the noise made is not in harmony with the poetic atmosphere of the town.

FAVOURITE OF ERIN'S DAUGHTERS.

Romance of an Ex-Militiaman's
Prospective Fortune.

HEIR TO £30,000.

The most-talked-of man in Belfast to-day is Frederick Kelly, an ex-private of the Monaghan Militia, who has for some weeks been a social "lion," in consequence of being, on his own authority, the heir to £30,000.

Yesterday Frederick Kelly found himself famous in a less dignified connection.

He was charged in the police-court with assaulting Ellen Partridge, and robbing her of 8s. That a man of his prospects should be suspected of such a petty theft seemed so ridiculous that local fashion filled the court.

Mrs. Partridge, Ellen's mother, was his landlady, and Kelly said, "This is all because I did not marry her daughter. I'll make it hot for her. I have plenty of money to do so—I am worth thousands."

Mrs. Partridge said that prisoner had proposed to marry her daughter.

On the evening in question he demanded the girl's clothes, and, when witness refused, ran upstairs and took her daughter's hat and jacket and a sum of 8s. off her table.

Then, rushing downstairs, he "grabbed" her daughter and dragged her and the clothes into the street.

She had not since seen her daughter. Kelly, bitterly accusing witness of having been drunk, said he had lost £10 in her house, and he was sorry he ever had to do with her. She was not a good lot. (Loud laughter.)

He was remanded on bail for a week.

Disappointed His Bride.

Before coming to Belfast, Kelly (says the "Belfast Telegraph") won much popularity in Armagh, where his windfall was first made known. He was feted on all hands, and mothers with marriageable daughters keenly competed to make him a son-in-law.

In certain Belfast circles he was equally lionised. Having heard of his big windfall, even policemen were only too ready to tide him over temporary emergencies, pending negotiations with his bankers.

Quite recently a buxom Belfast girl, to whom he had promised marriage, appeared at St. Patrick's Chapel, Donegal-street, with her bridesmaids and friends, but the truant bridegroom never came.

To certain big firms in Belfast, Kelly is reported to have given the most princely orders—a magnificent landau and a victoria, for instance, and three suits of clothes costing £245.

He stated that he had bought a nice little hostelry for £1,480, and was negotiating for a second at £1,000.

MISSING BOY.

Mother Watched in Vain for Him All Night
a Week Ago.

An anxious mother at Midway Park seeks news of her son, who has been missing since April 13.

Harold Prior, aged fifteen, left his home at 35, Queen Margaret's-grove, as usual that morning for his office in the City, but never arrived there. He was seen in Chesapeake later, but has not been heard of since. All the next night the weary mother sat up for him.

"He had once or twice suggested going to Canada," said his brother yesterday, "but we thought he was only joking. He was quite happy at home, and, so far as we know, had no trouble of any sort. He had only 8s. in his pocket."

He is 4ft. 10in. high, of medium build, and has dark hair and brown eyes. He was wearing a brown suit and cap, double collar, and light tie.

POVERTY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In a printed reply to a question Lord Balcarras, in yesterday's Parliamentary Papers, states that inscriptions are to be supplied to the oil-paintings in the committee rooms and other parts of the House of Commons. One picture has been restored, but the rest must wait till funds are available.

325 YARDS SHORT OF THE LAW.

A Suburban resident appeared at the Kingston Police Court yesterday, summoned for being on licensed premises at Kingston the other Sunday morning.

It was proved that he had only travelled two miles, 1,435 yards, instead of three miles. The Bench dismissed the case.

As a likely successor to "Ian MacLaren" (Rev. Dr. Watson, of Sifton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool), the Rev. Geo. H. Morrison, a popular Glasgow minister, is spoken of.

TYRANT CARD-CASE.

Bishop of London Dislikes Dowdiness
and Tolerates Bridge.

The Bishop of London, in an address given at the town house of the Duchess of Portland, has explained his views on "the simple life" as it may be lived by society folk.

"I remember," he said, "speaking once to a young wife about the tyranny of the card-case."

"She said—and I felt that it was perfectly true—'Well, Bishop, I feel this. I think it part of my positive duty to my husband that I should keep up his acquaintances and retain his friendships for him.'"

"Or again, when some girl, 'just come out,' finds that her mother has arranged certain things for her to society, I should say it is positively wrong for her to derange all her mother's plans because she wants to spend four or five evenings, we will say, in the East End."

The broad-minded Bishop's tolerance extends to bridge, but he remarked, "It is far better for girls and young married women not to play for money." As regards dress, he said: "I believe it is absolutely wrong to imagine there is any virtue in being dowdy; and it is almost a duty for every woman, in every rank of life, to try to make the best of her dress with her means."

"I do not remember myself realising at all what religion meant," said the Bishop, later, "until I was in the midst of two thousand poor people in my first curacy."

He likened the West End and the East End to two boys sent to school by their father, one of them having the journey money and supplies. It would be a matter of course that they should share.

NINETY-ONE TO-DAY.

Doyenne of the Peerage Celebrates Her Birth-
day Very Quietly.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who celebrates her ninety-first birthday to-day, is not only the doyenne of the peerage, but the only living peeress who has lived in five reigns.

The Baroness is the only woman on whom a peerage has ever been conferred for her worth and good deeds, and no woman has ever lived to whom the world owes more for the advancement of science and art, and the alleviation of distress.

"Life, whether in man or beast, is sacred," has always been her favourite maxim. The first meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was held in her drawing-room in Stratton-street.

Crowned heads of all countries have been entertained beneath her hospitable roof. King Edward has called her "Next to my mother the most remarkable woman in the world."

There will be only a very quiet private dinner this evening to mark the occasion.

MYSTIC LIGHTS OF EGRYN.

Parties of Sceptical Ministers and Others
Watching Nightly.

Remarkable evidence respecting the mystic lights which are said to accompany Mrs. Mary Jones, of Egryn, in her revival peregrinations is given by two formerly sceptical Nonconformist ministers, who kept vigil on Wednesday night.

The Rev. Hugh Parri and the Rev. Lloyd Hughes, with others, watched at Pontcysyllte Aqueduct, adjoining the temporary residence of the seers. Towards midnight Mr. Parri was startled by the appearance of a wonderful ball of fire which burst in a field bordering the adjacent river Dee. The phenomenon was soon repeated.

Mr. Hughes and Mr. Parri then clearly discerned another remarkable light, which travelled slowly towards Yrncysyllt, where the prophetess had just concluded a revival meeting. This phenomenon was repeated twice.

Both the ministers told the *Daily Mirror* that they had hitherto regarded Mrs. Jones's claims with scepticism, but that they returned home yesterday thoroughly satisfied.

Last night another large party watched for the reappearance of the lights.

Astronomers all over England watched for the Lyrid meteor-swarm on Wednesday night.

HISTORY TELLETH NOT.

Mr. William Armstrong, of Cosby village, Leicestershire, has just died, at the age of ninety.

The family have resided at Cosby 500 years. One of his ancestors lent £10 to James I., but local records do not show whether that money was ever repaid.

AGED MAN'S PLAINT.

There appeared at Marlborough-street yesterday a grey-haired old man, named Alfred Carr, charged with begging.

He exclaimed: "I am a painter by trade, and cannot get work. I never drink or smoke, and have never been in the police court before. As I could get no work, I did what was wrong, no doubt, by asking people for coppers."

Mr. Denham: Fourteen days' hard labour.

VIOLET LEAVES.

Medical Discussion of Their Sup-
posed Virtues for Cancer.

RESULTS OF ANALYSIS.

In view of the important suggestion that in violet leaves has been discovered an effectual cure for cancer, the "Lancet" has conducted an interesting investigation into the matter.

The "Lancet" is very emphatic in denying that it is advocating, or has ever advocated, violet leaves as a "cure for cancer."

"We recently published," continues that journal, "a note upon a case where a patient who may have been suffering from malignant disease was apparently relieved of the symptoms, and where an application of violet leaves had been employed."

Elaborate Experiments.

The "Lancet" now publishes the result of its first experiments, made with a view to discovering "the active principle of the violet."

First the leaves of the violet were soaked in boiling water. After this certain extraneous substances were removed by means of a lead solution, and then the lead itself had to be removed by sulphuretted hydrogen.

This successfully accomplished, a yellow solution remained. On evaporation this produced a dark-coloured mass something like treacle.

Various experiments with this substance on certain other solutions pointed to the presence of what is called glucoside, or sugar-water—and on further treatment thirty-three per cent. of this substance was found.

Not satisfied with the experiments, they boiled the leaves in alcohol, and then strained and filtered the liquid. The same treacly fluid again made its appearance; but in addition the presence of dark green oil was discovered.

Iodine, chloroform, and hydrochloric acid were pressed into the service, and after more treatment alkaloid was found to be present.

So it appears the violet contains "a glucoside, an alkaloid, and a dark green oil."

The "Lancet" intends to continue its experiments with a view to finding the exact proportions of these substances and their probable effect when applied to disease.

MAUNDY THURSDAY DOLES.

Young Princes Look On at the Picturesque
Ceremony.

Yeomen of the Guard were present, and added a picturesqueness to the ceremony at Westminster Abbey yesterday, when the King's Maundy gifts were distributed.

sixty-four men and sixty-four women, a number corresponding with the years of King Edward's life, received the presents at the hands of the Bishop of Ely, his Majesty's Almoner.

The men received 45 0s. 4d. and the women 34 10s. 4d. Prince Edward and Princess Alice of Wales, and also the Duchess of Albany were present.

At the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster the Archbishop, having removed his cope, wiped the feet of twelve boys, representing the twelve Apostles.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

Chatham Alarmed at Rumour that the Royal
Engineers Will Leave for Salisbury.

Considerable sensation and alarm has been caused in Chatham and the neighbouring towns of Rochester and Gillingham by the announcement that the Army Council have sanctioned the transfer of Chatham Barracks to the Admiralty.

The transfer will take place at the end of six months, when the Royal Engineers will leave the barracks for Salisbury Plain.

Widepread sorrow prevails among both officers and men at the prospect of the change, and it is stated that one high official, in making the fact known to the men, was deeply affected.

Steps will probably be taken by the local borough councils to get the transfer cancelled, as the change will involve tremendous financial losses locally.

CATS AS PLAGUE DISSEMINATORS.

Cats catch bubonic plague from rats and mice, and sometimes help to disseminate the disease.

This fact has been established by Dr. William Hunter, Government bacteriologist at Hong Kong, who gives the result of his investigations in this week's "Lancet."

IN DEFENCE OF RATEPAYERS.

Mr. Curtis Bennett was asked by a father yesterday at Westminster to send his son to twelve years, as he was a truant from school, and in the habit of staying away from home at night.

Mr. Curtis Bennett: I am not going to relieve parents at the expense of the ratepayers. They have enough burdens.

PERPETUAL SILENCE.

Famous Churchman Vows To Speak
Only One Hour a Week.

Member of a distinguished family famous already for the brilliant sons and daughters it has given to the service of the Roman Catholic Church, the Right Rev. Monsignor John Vaughan has decided to forsake the world and join the Carthusian order of monks.

This order is one of the strictest in the Roman Catholic Church. Each member of the community observes a vow of perpetual silence, except for one hour each week, while he remains secluded in his cell except during the time he celebrates mass. In addition, the monks never partake of flesh food.

Monsignor Vaughan, who was a Domestic Prelate to the Pope, and also a Canon of Westminster, is a brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan and the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, the last-named being one of the most gifted preachers in the Jesuit Order.

Monsignor Vaughan will renounce all his other offices and enter the monastery of the Carthusians, at Lucca, in Italy, in the course of a few days.

MONASTIC ENGLAND.

Religious Houses Multiplied by Twenty in
Half a Century.

Convents and monasteries are multiplying so rapidly in this country, through the expulsion of the religious orders from France, that Mr. T. L. Corbett, M.P., has drafted a resolution calling on the Government to institute a strict inquiry into their numbers and management.

How rapidly they are increasing will be seen from the following table:—

| Houses for | | | |
|------------|------|--------|--------|
| | men. | women. | Total. |
| 1850 | 11 | 41 | 52 |
| 1860 | 37 | 123 | 160 |
| 1870 | 67 | 232 | 299 |
| 1903 | 283 | 635 | 918 |

In 1836 there were only sixteen convents in Protestant England; there are now 1,052 convents and monasteries, as compared with 152 in Catholic Ireland.

It is alleged that the various industries carried on in them are not inspected by Government, and that deaths and burials within their walls are never notified to the authorities.

The Rev. H. Norbett, Bt., secretary to Abbot Gasquet, who brought the Benedictines over from Douai in 1903, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that there was no objection to State inspection, "except in purely private affairs."

"These institutions," he said, "do not ask for privileges not enjoyed by ordinary citizens."

Father Birt pointed out that the new French law is pressing heavily on Protestant congregations, as well as on Roman Catholic.

£1,000 FINES.

Cotton Brokers Found Guilty of Breaking a
Rule of the Liverpool Association.

The decision of the directors of the Liverpool Cotton Association to fine two members who are brokers £1,000 each, and four associate members who are Manchester cotton-spinners, was yesterday confirmed.

Forty-eight hours had been given the offending parties in which to show cause why these heavy fines should not be imposed, but it is understood they failed to bring forward any extenuating circumstances.

The rule that a commission of 2 per cent. shall be charged by brokers, who alone are admitted as members, to spinners for the purchase of cotton futures, is alleged to have been broken.

POLITICIAN ON MOTOR-CARS.

Advice to Those Who Are About To Purchase
One—"Don't."

To those about to purchase motor-cars, Mr. T. Comyn-Platt, prospective Conservative candidate for the Louth Division of Lincolnshire, says, "Don't."

"They are the most expensive iron I ever knew."

They eat as much as ten horses, and if one gets to one's journey's end ten hours late, one is lucky."

Mr. Comyn-Platt thus apologised to the North Somerset electors for his late arrival, owing to the breakdown of his car.

DANGER IN SEA SPRAY.

Even in the feathery spray blown inland from the breaking waves lurks microbic danger.

According to M. Busquet, an eminent French physician, seaside houses may be dangerous after a gale.

Where sanitation is not good the spray carries deadly bacilli from the sewerage discharged round the coast, and when the moisture dries the evil germs are liberated and inhaled by the residents.

CHILD VICTIM OF CALLOUS MOTORISTS

Owner of Named Car Makes an
Emphatic Denial.

CONFLICTING STATEMENTS

There has been a remarkable sequel to the motor-car tragedy in the little Hertfordshire village of Markyate.

This village, which is on the old historic Watling road, where the stage coaches ran, is five miles from Dunstable.

Here, on Tuesday, just opposite his home, a little boy named Willie Clifton was knocked down and killed by a fast-travelling motor-car.

The occupants very callously refused to stop, and for their discovery the "Daily Mail" offers a reward of £100.

Nobody appears to have noticed the number of the car, which is stated to be a large, blue, open car, having three occupants at the time; but a schoolboy named Harry Loveridge, leaving school on Tuesday afternoon about the time that the accident occurred, took the number of a car which he says is the only one he saw that afternoon in the village.

This number he gave to the police, who traced the owner, communicated with him, and yesterday afternoon he attended the inquest.

At these proceedings, presided over by Coroner Lovell Sneathman at the Markyate Mission Room, the number of the motor-car which the boy Loveridge took was disclosed as A1334.

Motorist Appears.

The owner of the car, who was attended by his driver, James Jarratt, and two ladies, gave his name as James Georges Robinson, 31, North Audley-street, London, and Settle, Yorkshire, and said he was Justice of the Peace for the West Riding.

He came in his motor-car, and at the end of the evidence an inspection was made of it.

The car proved to be a large cream-coloured one with brown sun-blinds. The witnesses who saw the car of the tragedy on Tuesday inspected it carefully. The parties then returned to the coroner's court.

Mr. Robinson's evidence was not taken, but he had a long conversation with the coroner, who intimated that the inquest would have to be adjourned.

Mr. Robinson: Shall I have to attend?

The Coroner: I am afraid I cannot dispense with your attendance.

Mr. Robinson: But the witnesses say there were three men in the car; but here you see two ladies and two men present. Again, two of the witnesses say that ours is not the car. (This apparently was stated when the car was being examined.)

The Coroner: Your observations seem to be in the nature of a defence. We have nothing at the statement of the boy that this was the number of the car. It is necessary that the police should make full inquiry before dispensing with your attendance.

Mr. Robinson: Could you take the depositions of the ladies so that they may not have to attend?

The Coroner: The question whether the ladies are here or not is a matter for you.

"Don't think that I refuse to take evidence, but at the present stage of the inquiry it is advisable to make further inquiries."

"As Much for Your Sake."

"Any witnesses which you may think it necessary to bring will be heard. As to who witnesses you should bring that is another matter."

Mr. Robinson: What about expenses?

The Coroner: It will be my duty to allow expenses of an ordinary kind. I must now say that I am afraid it is most desirable that the driver of the car A1334 should be present too.

The inquiry, he said, would be adjourned until May 1, when it was desirable that the owner of car A1334 should be present and put his witnesses in the box.

The Coroner: I think it is quite possible that the boy may be mistaken.

Superintendent Frogley (in charge of the inquiries): It may be a bogus number fixed on to the car.

A Constable: Will you take the names of the ladies?

The Coroner (sharply): No ladies so far have been spoken of. So far as I am concerned, I only want the owner of the car and the driver.

Mr. Robinson, who is a tall, thin, fair-haired young man, was understood to give an emphatic denial to the suggestion that his was the car that caused the tragedy, and was heard to say that that morning was the first time he had ever been in the village.

The boy Clifton ran across the road and was caught by the side of the car, with the result that his skull was fractured and his ribs were broken.

The occupants of the car were called on to stop, but took no notice, and seemed to increase their speed after the accident.

A subscription is being raised to provide funds for the burial of the little victim, whose tragic end has caused intense excitement in the district.

Lady Shop Assistant Overpowered and
Forced to Hand Over £40.

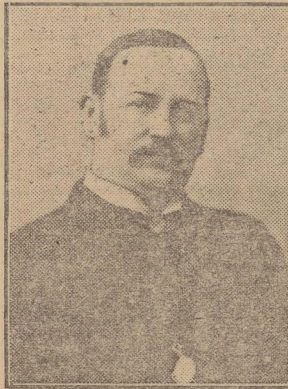
Close upon the terrible double murder by masked desperadoes at Deptford comes a startling story from the Portsmouth district, fortunately without the element of tragedy, but sufficiently alarming to shopkeepers nevertheless.

Just after Miss Grigg, assistant at the Eastney sub-post-office, near Portsmouth, had extinguished the lights on Tuesday night, a masked man attacked and robbed her.

She was about to close the premises and was quite alone. Suddenly the thief forced his way through the half-open street door, and quickly overpowered her. He then compelled her to hand over all the cash in the till, amounting to £40, and bolted.

Miss Grigg was unable to pursue him, but attracted the attention of some Marine Artillerymen, who chased the fugitive for a considerable distance. But the criminal succeeded in escaping through the dimly-lighted streets with his booty.

SIR REGINALD HANSON DEAD.



The death of Sir Reginald Hanson was announced yesterday. Sir Reginald was Lord Mayor of London in the Jubilee year (1937), and had represented the City in the House of Commons. He was in his 65th year. (Elliott and Fry.)

IDLE CHANCERY JUDGES.

So Little Work That They Have To Be Used
for King's Bench Cases.

The Hilary sittings, which ended yesterday, established a record in law terms that has not been beaten for a considerable number of years.

The feature is that Chancery Division business is dwindling. Litigation there has gone down thirty per cent. The result has been that two or even three Chancery judges have been engaged simultaneously in trying cases in the King's Bench Division.

The health of the judges has, for the most part, been good.

In Appeal Court II. Lord Justice Romer has been the only absentee through illness; but both the Lord Chancellor and the President of the Probate Division came to the rescue.

AXE TRAGEDY SEQUEL.

Jealous Lover Escapes Justice and Finds
Peace in Death.

Though the young woman, Bertha "Rogers," is fortunately likely to recover from the injuries inflicted by her former lover, Charles William Varney, the young man himself has just died in West Ham Infirmary from the wounds he made upon his throat and the spirits of salts he drank.

For some time Varney had kept company with Bertha "Rogers," a domestic servant in a situation in Forest-drive, Leytonstone.

She, however, gave him up, and found another admirer. Varney saw them together, and the other young fellow left them alone to say farewell.

Directly he was out of sight Varney produced an axe and struck the girl several blows, severely injuring her head and hands.

He then tried to take his own life, and death has now released him from any penalty of the law.

A memorial is to be erected in the parish church of Newlyn St. Peter, Mounts Bay, to the memory of Mr. Francis Jeanne, only son of the late Lord St. Helier and Lady St. Helier.

Devereux's Nonchalant Attitude at
the Police Court.

IMPATIENT AT DELAY.

There was a scene outside Harlesden Police Court yesterday that seemed ill to harmonise with Good Friday Eve.

Quite a thousand excited people gathered about the courthouse to witness the arrival and departure of Arthur Devereux, the chemist, who is accused of murdering his accomplished young wife and two children, and concealing their bodies in a tin trunk.

Cries of execration issued from the populace as the dejected-looking prisoner made his entrance and exit.

Many gaily-dressed ladies attended the court out of curiosity to see the unhappy man. When Devereux appeared in the dock there was much craning of fair necks, rustling, and whispering.

In pathetic contrast to these women sat Mrs. Gregory, who mourns her murdered daughter. The bereaved mother bore her great sorrow with fortitude, silently weeping as she gazed at her son-in-law in the dock.

Arthur Devereux's demeanour gave the impression that he did not feel his position acutely, and some people attributed his apparent self-possession to a sense of innocence.

Self-Possessed Prisoner.

In his hand the accused man held a soft white hat, and over his arm was flung a carefully folded fawn overcoat.

He did not appear to have been permitted to shave himself or be shaven since the police took control of him. The fact that his face was scanned by a crowded court gave him no apparent concern.

Mr. Pierson, the solicitor, who defended Milson and Fowler, the Muswell Hill murderers, appeared for Devereux.

On the charge-sheet it was stated that the following articles were found on the prisoner when he was arrested:-

| | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Knife. | Tube of lanoline. |
| Comb. | Pair of scissors. |
| Card-case. | A lozenge. |
| Five cheroots. | Fifteen pills. |
| Pair of gloves. | Two handkerchiefs. |

Mr. Williamson, for the Treasury, said he desired to ask for a further remand, as the Treasury was not in a position to tender further evidence.

"The post-mortem examination and analysis by Sir Thomas Stevenson are not yet complete," he added.

Mr. Pierson, on behalf of the prisoner, said he had no desire to oppose the application.

For these reasons the chairman of the bench of ten magistrates adjourned the case until Thursday next, when a whole day should be devoted to the magisterial inquiry.

As Devereux stepped leisurely from his place to go back to Brixton Prison he looked impatient at the law's delays.

WORRIED BY GRAMOPHONE.

Woman Makes Amusing Application To
Restrain Her Son's Hobby.

Among the applicants for advice to Mr. Paul Taylor at Marylebone Police Court yesterday was a pale-faced woman, of worried appearance, who complained that her son had a gramophone in her house and made such an awful buzzing noise with it that she was unable to do her work, and her landlord had given her notice to go.

A low class of people talked through it, she said, and she couldn't stand it any longer.

Mr. Taylor: Do you mean one of those things that sing or croak or something of that sort?—Yes, that's it, sir.

Mr. Taylor: I see; your son has one of those dreadful things, has he? But I cannot interfere with your son because he has a gramophone. My advice to you is to close the door upon him and let him shift for himself. I darsay these gramophones are a great nuisance.

WANTED FRESH AIR.

"I thought some fresh air would do me good," was the remark a Nottingham youth made to a detective when arrested at Skegness.

He was in the employ of Boots, chemists, Nottingham, who had sent him with £3 10s. for postage stamps.

He decamped to Skegness instead.

THE DAY HE WORKED.

A dog-fancier, summoned at Brentford yesterday for illegally detaining an Irish terrier, pleaded in defence that he had bought the animal on September 7 last.

Mr. Montagu Sharpe: How do you fix the day so correctly?

Defendant: I worked on that day, sir.

Motor Boat Leaves the Thames for Non-
Stop Run to Shetland Islands.

Scorning the perils and discomforts of a roaring "nor-easter," Napier Major, a 15-ton motor-yacht, 40ft. in length, started from the Temple Pier yesterday for the Shetlands.

As the fragile-looking craft, gaily flying the flag of the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yachting Club, sheered off a ringing cheer was raised.

The little boat carries 400 gallons of petrol, sufficient for a 2,000 miles journey. The outward voyage will be 750 miles, but on the way back numerous ports on the East Coast will be called at, lengthening the trip.

Mr. Arthur F. Evans is captain, and his companions are Mr. W. Hearnan, an Australian yachtsman, and an engineer and steward.

For emergencies the boat carries rockets, blue lights, and a small folding dingy.

Mr. S. F. Edge assured the *Daily Mirror* that Napier Major is a good sea-going boat. But nobody seemed to envy the lot of the voyagers, for it is reported that the North Sea is running "very rough."

SCHOOLBOY'S ADVENTURE.

Lad's Skillful Attempt to Evade Consequences
of Stolen Holiday.

David Steinman, a London schoolboy, has just enjoyed an informal and rather audacious holiday at The Three Guns, Portsea.

He sent a wire in his father's name asking the landlord to receive him, and on the strength of this he ran up a bill for £1 18s.

After he had left, the landlord received a remarkable letter from Blackpool, purporting to come from the boy's father.

"I am sorry," ran this communication, "as to what my son David has done to you. I am sure he was not in his own mind. . . ."

"I will, of course, pay you back. For God's sake, don't communicate with the police, for it would break my heart if I saw my favourite son in the hands of a policeman."

David, who had written this letter, was arrested, but at the Portsmouth Police Court the landlord consented to withdraw the case in view of the boy's youth.

AMBULANCES FOR SCHOOLS.

Scholar's Sad Death Calls Attention to a
'Pressing Need.'

The necessity for ambulances in London County Council schools was emphasised at the inquest yesterday at Hackney on George Henry Burgess, the six-year-old child of a Haggerston labourer.

The boy was suddenly attacked by tubercular meningitis and a teacher ordered that he should be carried home by some of his fellow scholars.

A hawker, meeting the party, at once hurried the boy to the Metropolitan Hospital, but life was pronounced extinct.

The doctor said that he did not think immediate attention would have prevented death, but to their verdict of Natural Death the jury added a request that the coroner should write to the London County Council and draw their attention to the matter of ambulances, and ask them to give instructions that a doctor and the police ambulance be requisitioned in such cases in future if not provided in schools.

ICE-CREAM'S EARLY VICTIM.

Strangely Selected Diet 'Responsible for a
Little Boy's Death.'

Ice-cream and roast pork caused the death of John Paul Reeves, the three-year-old son of a dock labourer, and at the inquest yesterday the coroner said that he could not imagine two worse things for a child.

The mother said that the child got the ice-cream from a barrow in the street.

"I thought so," said Mr. Wynne Baxter. "We know how this wretched ice-cream stuff is made by these Italians."

A palpitant feature of the case was the fact that the mother had had inquiries on two other children. Dr. Athol Moore stated that death in this instance was due to exhaustion from vomiting and diarrhoea from acute gastro-enteritis, set up by the ice-cream and the pork.

The jury returned a verdict of Death by Misadventure.

GIRL'S CLIMB DOWN A WATER-PIPE.

A remarkable story was told at the South-Western Police Court yesterday, when William Nicholls, contractor, of Fulham, was committed for trial, charged with abducting Clara Flood, a Battersea girl, of fourteen.

On one occasion, the girl confessed in cross-examination, she escaped from a school to which she had been sent by getting through the bedroom window and climbing down a water-pipe.

CALLOUS MASK MURDER PRISONERS.

Scornful Laughter at Verdict of
Coroner's Jury.

HUMMING TUNES.

Without a sign of apprehension or remorse, Alfred and Albert Stratton, the brothers accused of the foul and brutal murder of old Mr. and Mrs. Farrow in a shop in High-street, Deptford, yesterday heard a verdict of "Wilful Murder" returned against them by a Coroner's Jury.

Calloous and defiant they burst into scornful laughter when the foreman announced the result of the jury's brief deliberation—only fifteen minutes. They walked out of court with as much bravado as they had shown on entering, about half-an-hour before the coroner's arrival. While waiting, seated between two warders, they had whistled snatches of popular tunes, stamping their feet on the floor as though they were in the gallery of some cheap place of amusement.

There were low murmurs of applause in court—quickly suppressed, of course—when the verdict was announced. But to these the accused seemed utterly indifferent.

Alfred Stratton's Injured Hands.

The replies of Chief Inspector Fox to a few questions from the coroner, Dr. Oswald, had concluded the evidence. He said it would be possible to study from the street the internal part of the shop and the habits of the occupants.

The Coroner: You have heard that Alfred Stratton had his hands injured. Have you found if these injuries were caused at any time before Monday, March 27? (the day of the crime).—Yes, I have it on reliable authority that his hands were injured before March 27.

Alfred Stratton (standing up): I offered to have my hands examined when I was arrested.

Inspector Fox: Stratton did not make the request. The injuries consisted only of a number of abrasions, and did not render him helpless. He said that the abrasions were caused by a fight with another man, but I have ascertained that they were caused by knocking a woman about.

Dr. Oswald had the evidence taken at the opening of the inquest, before the Strattons were arrested, read to the prisoners, and then summed up. "This tragedy," he said, "will probably impress upon London tradesmen the advisability of having iron rails before their windows instead of shutters. These rails would allow people passing to look through, and thus would further the detection of nefarious acts."

Undoubtedly robbery was the only motive for this crime. The presence of the masks made it possible that there were three persons engaged in the robbery, but that opinion was not borne out by the evidence.

Though a vast crowd assembled in Deptford High-street to see the two young fellows led handcuffed to the prison van on their return to Brixton Gaol, there was no demonstration.

VERSATILE VICAR.

Sculptor, Lawyer, Doctor, Thatcher, and
Ploughman, as Well as Priest.

One of the most popular clergymen in the Midlands, the Rev. George Rogerson, for a quarter of a century vicar of Peak Forest, a small upland Derbyshire hamlet of about 600 inhabitants, has just died at Manchester after an operation for appendicitis.

The church at Peak Forest had been the joy of his life, and contains many tablets carved by himself, for he was an adept with the mallet and chisel. He erected worthy memorials to the late Duke of Devonshire, who rebuilt the church in 1876, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Lord Edward Cavendish, Queen Victoria, and many others.

Not only was he a devoted friend to the poor, but in harvest he regularly rendered assistance in the field or on the stack to any farmer needing help. He could plough and thatch as well as anybody.

CHILLY POLAR BEARS.

Lazy Monsters That Live on Bread Soaked in
Cod Liver Oil.

Seventeen polar bears are awaiting their "turn" at the Hippodrome. The music-halls threaten soon to become serious rivals to the Zoo.

Mr. Hagenbeck, the greatest animal trainer in the world, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday something of the history of these superb creatures.

Captured quite young, in Spitzbergen and the Behring Sea, they were taken to Hamburg and carefully trained for a year.

Each of these woolly monsters, trained, is worth from £1,500 to £2,000; untrained, a polar bear is worth only about £200.

All day they lie huddled together for warmth. For they certainly look as if they felt chilly. They are fed once a day with bread soaked in cod-liver oil.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Giving evidence in a cruelty case at Acton, a witness described the horse as "a good animal, but it suffered from lack of motor-power."

Failure of a Leeds temperance innkeeper was attributed to an outbreak of smallpox in the hotel and the premises being closed for disinfection.

"I only had a halfpenny lucky-bag in my pocket," said a woman in a matrimonial case at Blackburn, "but he threatened to shoot me if I did not marry him."

Alderman Sir Reginald Hanson, who was Lord Mayor of London in the Queen's Jubilee year, has died in Italy at the age of sixty-five. For the last two years his health had been failing.

Hopes are entertained that at the Hatherley (Devon) Easter Vestry an amicable understanding with the bellers, who have been on strike since the beginning of the year, will be reached.

As a goods train was passing through Broadley Station, near Rochdale, a spark from the engine set fire to twenty-five bales of cotton which were on the wagons. The bales were nearly all destroyed.

Mole-catching from the watercourses under their control cost the Deeping Fen (Lincolnshire) Drainage Trustees £20 in twelve months. The men employed find a good market for the moles; the skins of which are in great demand for the manufacture of motor-coats.

It is hoped that some member of the Royal Family will unveil the statue—now completed—which is to be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral as a memorial to the Colonials who fell in the Boer war.

Mr. Thomas Lewis, Glouven, Oswestry, who for sixty-two years has been a member of the Moreton parish church choir, has just resigned.

Luton workmen enjoyed an exciting chase after a pheasant which had strayed into one of the streets of the town. The bird was eventually secured and taken home by its captor.

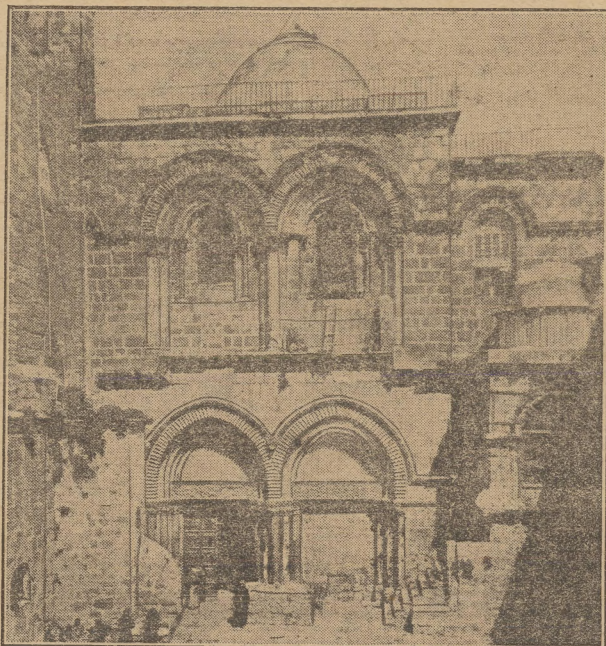
Volunteer field artillery are not required for defence purposes, says Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., voicing the Army Council's opinion, in view of the great increase in the Royal Artillery.

There are at least seven portraits of Charles I. in the second exhibition of historical portraits now being held at Oxford. The most noticeable is the one by Vandeyck belonging to Jesus College.

Fondness for port led to the capture of a burglar at East Croydon. He had broken into a house, the owner of which found him fast asleep in a chair. Beside him was a bottle which had contained wine.

Droylsden (Lancashire) has the awkward distinction of not having a single permanent magistrate within its boundaries, although the population is about twelve thousand. Most of the work falls upon the chairman of the district council.

WHERE GOOD-FRIDAY PILGRIMS ASSEMBLE.



Thousands of Christian pilgrims will assemble at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem to-day. Often disturbances occur between members of the Greek and Roman Churches, and Turkish gendarmes have to be called in to preserve order.—(Frith.)

Easter angling prospects in the north are reported to be unpromising.

Amongst the goods of passive resistors sold at Stratford was a black horse, which was bought in for the sum of £29 14s. 3d.

Several Japanese nightingales have been released in St. James's Park, and are making themselves at home. Rich in plumage and gifted in song, they are beautiful little birds.

Three motors of a new type, suitable for heavy transport work in the Sudan, are being built at Coventry. The wheels are of novel design, to lessen the difficulty of moving over the sands of the desert.

Poplar Guardians, by resolution, have expressed the opinion that the supply of goods for use in Metropolitan workhouses would be more economically effected by means of central stores controlled by the Local Government Board.

Easter will see the police control of the Manchester markets pass from the markets committee to the city force. Five of the market constables who were not involved in the recent scandals will be drafted into the police ranks.

May Day will see the inauguration by the Midland Railway Company of a service of motor-omnibuses covering the entire district lying between Grindleford and Miller's Dale, Derbyshire. Baslow and Chatsworth, it is understood, will also be covered.

Two miles of water have been raised two feet by the extension operations just completed at Rudyard Lake, North Staffordshire.

For the past quarter of a century John Clough had lived alone in a moorland cottage two miles from Colne. At the age of seventy-five he has now been found dead in bed.

"In my garden," writes a Shirley (Southampton) correspondent to the *Daily Mirror*, "a white-heart cherry seedling has sprouted 3½ in. from the ground, and is in full bloom. Some small leaves are just appearing."

Nearly £14,000 profit has been made in the last twelve months by the Southport Corporation's gas undertaking. This is £2,000 more than in the preceding year, and the rates benefit correspondingly.

Lovers had complained that a favourite walk along the side of the Dee had been rendered uncomfortable by their having to wade through a small stream. The Cefn Council have, therefore, built a foot-bridge at the Dolydd.

Burglars visited a house in a Liverpool suburb in the dead of night. Husband and wife had retired to rest, but the latter noticed the bedroom door opening. She coughed loudly, then got up and rushed courageously downstairs after the intruder. The husband also jumped out of bed, locked the door on the inside, and proceeded to shout "Police!" from the window.

GRAND DUCHESS'S GRATITUDE.

Up-to-Date Street Fighting by the
Strikers at Limoges.

TO-DAY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

It is not everyone who remembers that a Grand Duchess is a woman as well as an Imperial Highness; and it is evident that the sympathetic letter of condolence received from Mrs. Kempe, a kind-hearted Englishwoman, touched the heart of the Grand Duchess Sergius very closely.

In the midst of her grief and horror at the fearful tragedy which widowed her, and despite the numberless other claims upon her at the time, the Grand Duchess found an opportunity to immediately wire her thanks to her humble correspondent, as may be seen by the telegram reproduced on page 9.

But the incident did not pass from the mind of the Grand Duchess with this simple acknowledgment, and Mrs. Kempe has just received from her Imperial Highness, with the letter we print in a reduced facsimile, the curious little souvenir also photographed on the same page. It is a small "ikon," such as every member of the Russian Church holds in high reverence—a little picture in gilt and enamel, of the holy Mother and Child.

STREETS BARRICADED AT LIMOGES.

A new departure in street-fighting has been made by the strikers at Limoges. In erecting barricades across the streets, one of which is shown in the photograph on page 8, they made liberal and effective use of rope and wire entanglements.

Red and black flags were hoisted upon the obstructions, and when the cavalry charged, the wire brought many men and horses to the ground. Charge after charge was made by the military and received by volleys of stones by the strikers, but eventually the barricades were stormed, though not before eight officers and more than one hundred men had been more or less seriously wounded.

During the fighting a great number of strikers were hurt, but as they were removed and concealed from the authorities, no figures are obtainable.

NEW ATLANTIC LEVIATHAN.

Practically the largest steamer ever constructed, though not the longest, was launched at Belfast yesterday morning from the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, the builders of so many mammoth liners.

The vessel, of which a photograph will be found on page 8, will be known as the *America*, and has been built for the Hamburg-American line. She is 470 feet in length, seventy-four feet broad, and with a displacement of 25,000 tons has a cargo capacity of 15,000 tons.

She will be able to accommodate 3,000 passengers when completed, as well as a crew of 550.

A novel feature of her interior fittings will be electric passenger lifts running through five decks; and in addition to the ordinary dining saloon there will be an à la carte restaurant on board under the management of the Ritz Hotel Company. Children's playrooms and gymnasium are other items that go to the making of this latest floating palace.

PISCATORIAL EVICTION.

On page 8 we reproduce a photograph taken during the netting of the fish in the large lake in Lord Belper's grounds at Kingston Hall, near Derby. His lordship proposes to stock the lake with rainbow trout, and accordingly it was necessary to clear it of its former inhabitants.

A number of anglers, under the direction of Lord Belper and his son, the Hon. A. Strutt, netted the lake and captured a huge quantity of fish, chiefly pike, roach, and perch. Some of the fish were given to the villagers on the estate—our photograph shows Mr. Strutt distributing some—and the remainder were handed over to the Loughborough Angling Club for restocking their stretch of water on the River Soar.

WEIRD GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION.

One of the most curious of surviving Good Friday customs is illustrated on our front page to-day. It takes place at Orduña, a little mountain town not far from Bilbao, in Northern Spain.

Very early in the morning the strange "Procession of Silence" passes through the streets. The most curious figures in it are those of two men clothed from head to foot in unrelieved black, with tall conical head-dresses, and faces completely masked. Through long speaking-trumpets they remind the people of the solemnity of the day and call upon them to observe it. Following them, carriers, similarly clothed, carry a crape-veiled crucifix.

A CHANCE FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The best market for photographers, amateur or professional, who have snap-shots of news events is the *Daily Mirror*, which pays well for all photographs that it accepts.

Photographers should study the sort of subjects the *Daily Mirror* selects, and send on proofs of striking negatives which they make addressed "Art Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.9. Enclose stamps for return if not accepted.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1905

THE SECOND IN COMMAND.

WHEN Lord Kitchener went out to India amid a great flourish of trumpets in order to take up the Commandership-in-Chief, a guileless public supposed that the greatest military organiser of our time would be given a free hand in accomplishing many much-needed reforms. The public, however, if reports from India can be relied upon, reckoned without Major-General Sir Edmond Elles.

It is doubtful whether, before the present friction arose, the average Briton had ever heard of that gallant officer, but it is said that he has been from the first a stern reality to Lord Kitchener. One does not doubt that Sir Edmond has throughout acted in accordance with a strict sense of duty, and it is not with him personally so much as with the Military Member of the Council of India that the trouble has arisen. In virtue of his appointment to that office, Sir Edmond has been placed in a position of superiority to the Commander-in-Chief, and the result has naturally been unpleasant both for Lord Kitchener and for himself.

Owing to the Indian system of red-tape, which appears to be no less stupid and obstructive than our own, the Commander-in-Chief has to put his views before the Council through the medium of an official in whose appointment he had no share, and who is free to express his own opinions on the plans submitted for approval. Further, the Military Member of the Council may, if he see fit, return the Commander-in-Chief's plans without submitting them to the Council at all.

Naturally, to a man of Lord Kitchener's ability and reputation, this kind of thing has proved extremely exasperating, and his determination to put a stop to it, even at the cost of resigning his post, would be readily understood. At the same time, it is unthinkable that he should be allowed to go.

We do not give our great military geniuses important tasks to perform in order that they may be heckled and snubbed by junior Army officials. The latter may be men of even greater brain, but we are quite willing to take the risk of assuming that they are not. It is plain that the more conscientious the Military Member is the greater nuisance he is likely to prove, and the sooner his claws are cut the better for the Empire which he assists to administer.

GOOD FRIDAY.

To all who accept the Christian faith to-day is the most solemn day of the year, and those few persons who appear to desire that it should be treated more in the spirit of a public holiday are quite out of sympathy with the great mass of the community.

After all, the Christian world lays its work aside out of a feeling of reverence for the Great Tragedy which commemorates, and even those for whom such things have no meaning are as a rule ready to appreciate the fact that holiday-making in the ordinary meaning of the phrase is out of place.

Good Friday is set apart from the rest of the year in a very special sense, and the keeping of it differs essentially from the question of Sunday observance. On Easter Monday the State decrees a holiday, when all who have the will and the opportunity may enjoy themselves to their hearts' content, but to-day is given for other ends, and its reverent observance is not too much to ask.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty; Sought, found, and did my duty.—*Browning.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THERE is nothing which pleases the Princess Victoria better than to wander about unrecognised and to pass as a mere nobody amongst others. She is certainly the most retiring member of the Royal Family, and must have been charmed when she experienced the new sensation of being refused admission to the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo with her sister, Princess Charles of Denmark. This refusal to be treated with ceremony sometimes places royalties in distinctly awkward positions. Not long ago, at Windsor, the Princess Victoria was rudely stopped while bicycling by a keeper who failed to recognise her.

On that occasion she was, I believe, really annoyed with the man, who had treated her very roughly, and she gave him a sound scolding. But she was immensely amused when she found herself once in a picture-gallery without any money to pay for the entrance, and had to send her lady-in-wait-

about with a discreet companion, a Mrs. Browne. Whenever a proposal was seen walking towards them at a dance or a reception Mrs. Browne would withdraw to the next room for five minutes. At the end of that time Miss Coutts would be heard coughing in an admonitory fashion, Mrs. Browne would return, and the rejected proposal would withdraw in confusion.

This succession of proposals made Lord Houghton exclaim one day, "Miss Coutts likes me because I have never asked her to marry me." And certainly when at last, after so many years of independence, she consented to marry Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, the world was hugely surprised. I wonder, by the way, if the Baroness still keeps the lucky coin which was said to have been presented to her grandfather, Mr. Coutts. The great banker was extremely careless about his dress, and one day in the street a nice old gentleman, stirred to pity by his apparent destitution, handed him a guinea. The next night, at a grand dinner-party, Mr. Coutts met his benefactor. They both laughed heartily

No one was surprised to hear Mr. Justice Bucknill deliver a little disquisition on pheasants in connection with the case brought by Captain Gunter, because he is notoriously a great sportsman, and, besides, are not Judges supposed to be omniscient? Sir Thomas Bucknill at one time intended to be a soldier. But his military ambitions were for ever marred by a fight which he had with a schoolfellow at Westminster. Westminster is, I believe, a school where fights are usually formidable, and Queen Elizabeth, when she founded it, forbade any boy to go in for one between six and eight at night, so that his blood might be cooled by sleep.

Sir Thomas Bucknill's fight lasted for an hour, and left him, alas! with an injured eye, which made him unfit for military service. Accordingly, he went abroad, and learnt French, German, and Italian, to fit himself for a commercial life. When he came back he found that his grandfather had left him some money, so he gave up commerce, took to law, and finally became a Judge. But his early sporting tastes have never vanished, and his friends will assure you that in the summer he wears cricketing flannels under his legal robes, and even, as one colleague asserted, a straw hat under his wig, symbolical of the sportsman which the Judge only obscures during working hours.

The love match of Mr. Carnegie's niece has certainly given that outspoken millionaire an opportunity of administering a handsome snub to the aristocracy. "No worthless Dukes wanted," one can imagine Mr. Carnegie carrying that severe warning on his visiting cards. Perhaps, however, even if a Duke had married into the family he would not have gained much by it, for Mr. Carnegie does not intend to leave any very enormous sums to relatives and friends. He believes in every man standing for himself, and will probably distribute most of his wealth in public enterprises before he dies.

In spite of the overwhelming grandeur of his Scotch seat, Skibo Castle, Mr. Carnegie lives, like most rich men, simply enough. It is an enormous house—one of those houses in which you have to start for the dining-room ten minutes before the dinner-bell rings if you want to arrive in time! Mrs. Carnegie has an odd way of allotting partners to take the ladies down to dinner. She brings in a black silk bag and the men staying in the house have to draw a name from that. One night Mr. Carnegie drew his wife's name, and was immensely pleased for the rest of the evening.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Kitchener.

HE went out to India as Commander-in-Chief because the Indian Army needed reforming and he was the man to do it. We wanted him at home, but let him go because India was even more in need of his great powers as a military organiser than we are.

Now, when he has almost finished his work, he finds, it is alleged, that he can not complete it owing to an absolute entanglement of red tape.

Every reform he makes has to go through the hands of the Military Member of the Council, who may reject it without even submitting it to Lord Curzon.

The fact that he is thus practically a subordinate of one of his junior officers does not worry him in the least. He does not care a scrap how things look. All he cares about is the result. Anyone may have the right to contradict him so long as they do not do it.

Appearances never have worried him. The tinsel and the gilt, the struggle for rank or position, never enter his head. He is too taken up with seeing that the necessary work is done.

People do not shirk when he is about. He is the embodiment of work. Men under him have got to work, too—or make room for those who will.

His great big frame, strong, square chin, firm mouth, all point to the man who single-mindedly sets himself to reach a certain object, and gets there. And he will do so in this case. The Indian army is to be reformed. It will be, whether he completes the work or whether someone else puts the finishing touches to what he has already done. He can be trusted to see that a task he has begun is accomplished.

We know Lord Kitchener—or at least we know his work, for he is too reserved for anyone to know the man himself—but who is Major-General Sir Edmond Elles, the Military Member of Lord Curzon's Council?

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 20.—The pyrus japonica and the berberis are in full bloom. The latter is a shrub that appeals to all lovers of brilliant flowers. The yellow berberis is especially striking, being literally smothered with flowers in the spring. In out-of-the-way corners (even under pine trees) the pretty honesty is coming out. There are white, purple, and crimson varieties, all of which look very bright now.

But the interest of the garden still lies to a great extent in the future. Plants, green and growing (yet not in bloom), are lovely to the gardener, foretelling, as they do, the gorgeous colours of summer and autumn. E. F. T.

"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," BY RUBENS.



This picture, one of the most famous in the world, represents the last scene in that great tragedy which the Christian world commemorates to-day, Good Friday.

ing back for it. On another occasion the Princess did a charming thing. She was shopping, as usual quite alone, in Penrith, near which place she was staying with Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave. She saw a row of ragged little boys there, gazing longingly into a toyshop, and immediately went in and bought each of them a toy. That is the sort of thing which only happens to poor boys once in the proverbial blue moon.

Our sincerest congratulations are due this morning to Lady Burdett-Coutts, who celebrates her ninety-first birthday to-day. By a special decree of Providence this marvellous woman ought to be made immortal, for she is one of the few links which remain to bind us to early Victorian days. Miss Angela Burdett inherited her immense fortune just at the same time as the Princess Victoria became Queen of England. Ever since 1837 she has known all the notable men and women of her time, and has become a kind of depository of wonderful memories.

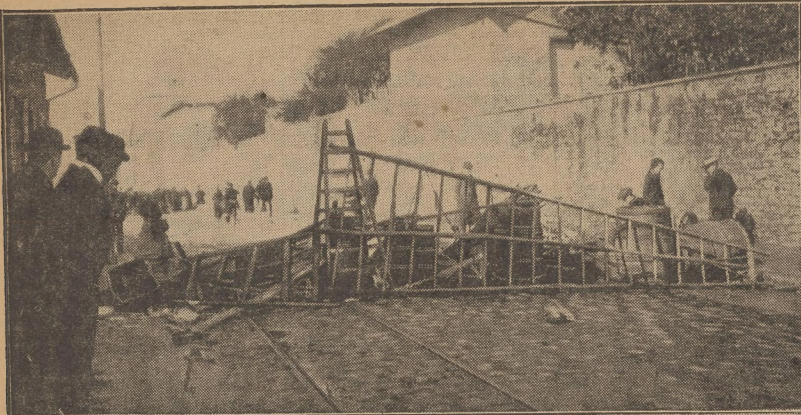
It need hardly be said that when Miss Burdett-Coutts (as she now called herself) became the greatest heiress in the kingdom, she was besieged with offers of marriage. It would have been difficult to decide so intelligent a young lady, however, and she was well aware that the suitors were not entirely disinterested. Nevertheless, the proposals were great fun. Miss Coutts used to go

over the adventure. But Mr. Coutts kept the coin —"for luck!"

The new Earl Stanhope, who was known, until his father's death, as Lord Mahon, will now be one of the youngest of our peers. He is only twenty-four, and three years ago his coming of age was celebrated with great rejoicings at his father's seat, Chevening, Kent. In spite of his soldier's experience, the new peer is rather delicate in appearance, thin, and looks no more than his age. His father, the late Earl, was a clever-looking man, with penetrating eyes and a strong, self-willed chin. It was during his lifetime that a great many of the valuable family jewels were lost.

They were being moved with other things from Earl Stanhope's house in London to Chevening in a van. About midway on the journey the van, strange to say, was discovered to be on fire. The fire brigade of the village through which it was passing was summoned at once, but in the confusion of putting out the flames the jewels, as might have been expected, disappeared, and were, I believe, never seen again. The late Earl had many famous ancestors. Amongst them was the never-to-be-forgotten Lady Hester Stanhope, that strange, adventurous person, who went and lived in a forgotten monastery in the East, and spent her time, dressed in a kind of shroud and a turban, buried in mystic contemplations.

STRIKERS BARRICADE STREETS OF LIMOGES.



The fighting between the strikers and the military at Limoges has been of the most serious description. Eight officers and more than a hundred soldiers were wounded, as well as a large number of strikers. Barricades were erected, and wire entanglements were used for the first time in street fighting.

EVICTING FISH FROM LORD BELPER'S LAKE AT KINGSTON HALL.



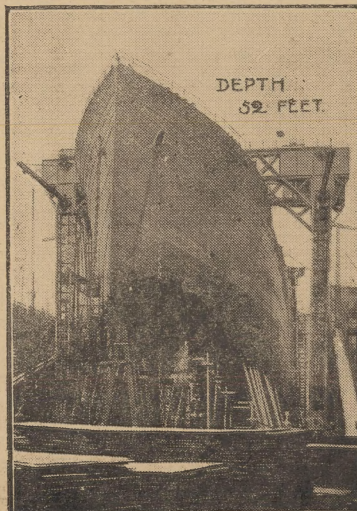
Lord Belper proposes to stock the large lake in the grounds of his seat at Kingston Hall, near Derby, with rainbow trout, and has just cleared it of all other fishy inhabitants. Our photograph shows the Hon. A. Strutt, who superintended the netting operations, handing some fish to the crowd on the bank. Large numbers of pike, perch, and roach were netted.

CRICKET SEASON OPENS.



The turf at the Oval is being carefully prepared for the opening of the cricket season on Easter Monday. Apted, the well-known groundsmen at the Oval, is holding a broom in our photograph.

MAMMOTH LINER LAUNCHED.



Yesterday the great Hamburg-American liner Amerika was launched from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipyard at Belfast. She is 670ft. long, of 25,000 tons displacement.

PICTURE

SEVENTEEN POLAR BEARS



Seventeen full-grown Polar bears have been brought to London from Hippodrome on Easter Monday. Our photograph was taken.

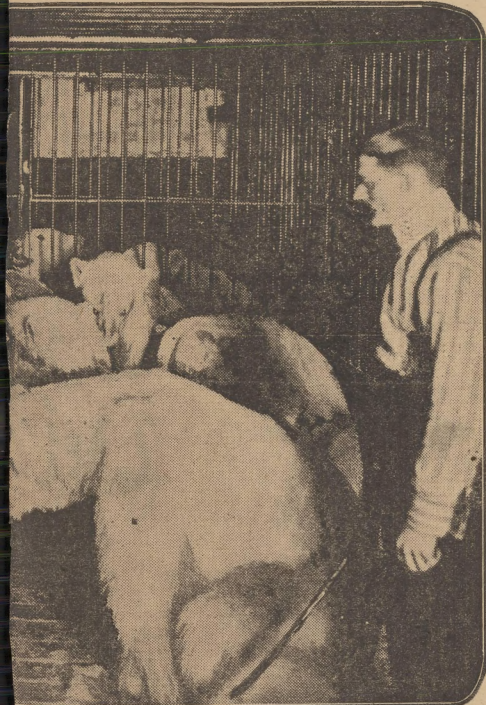
HUGE BAKING OF HOT CROSS-



In preparation for to-day's demand Messrs. Lyon's have made mixed in batches of half a ton at a time, and eighteen huge ovens are working at a rate of 150,000 a day. Our photograph.

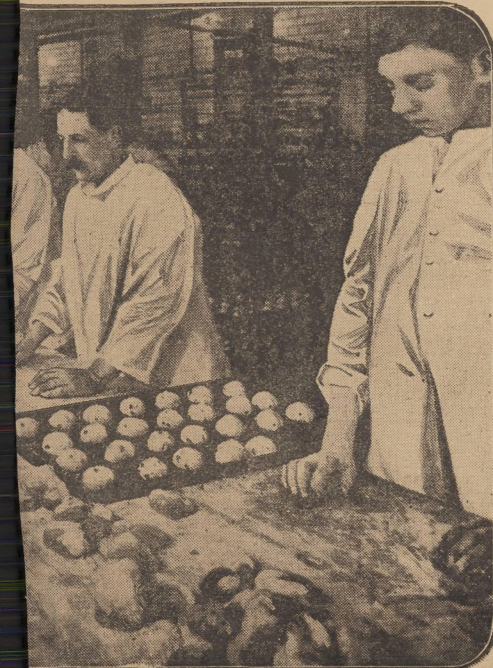
OF THE DAYS NEWS

AT THE HIPPODROME.



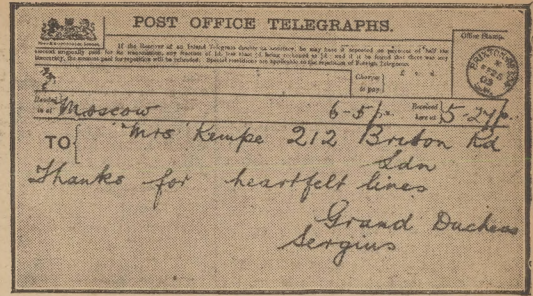
genbeck's great menagerie to appear in the Arctic spectacle at the shortly after their arrival at their new quarters yesterday.

S FOR TO-DAY'S CONSUMPTION.



rents for a gigantic baking of hot cross-buns. The dough is e continuously employed. The buns can be turned out at the hnows some of the work in progress.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE——"



At the time of the assassination of the late Grand Duke Sergius a sympathetic Englishwoman, Mrs. Kempe, whose portrait appears below, sent a message of condolence to the widowed Grand Duchess. Even in the first terrible moments of her grief the Grand Duchess found time to dispatch the telegram of thanks reproduced here—

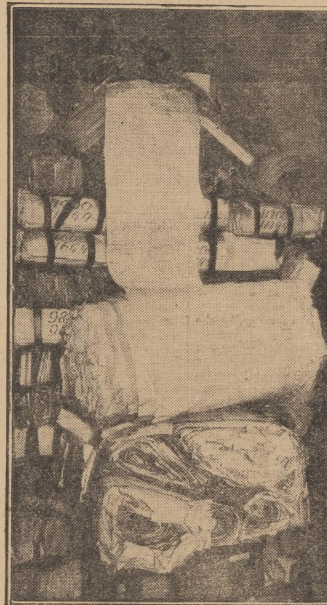


*Madame,
Her Imperial Highness
the Grand Duchess Ekaterina
Feodorovna thanks you
for your kind words
and sends you a little
ikon and a postcard,
with her portrait
Yours very sincerely,
Mary Hasselblom*



—and Mrs. Kempe has now received from her Imperial Highness the letter we give in fac-simile and the curious little ikon also photographed. A portrait of the Grand Duchess, who is the sister of the Tsaritsa and a niece of King Edward, appears on the left-hand side of her telegram.

MONSTER PETITIONS.



Mr. Macdona and Mr. S. Smith presented in the House of Commons on Tuesday the enormous petitions photographed above. They were in support of the Protection of Dogs Bill, and one of them alone was a mile in length, and signed by 100,000 persons. (Sturdee.)

NAPIER MAJOR STARTS HER RECORD VOYAGE.



Yesterday afternoon the 12-ton motor-yacht Napier Major started on a 750 miles non-stop voyage to the Shetland Islands from the Temple Pier, where this photograph was taken. A portrait of her skipper, Mr. A. F. Evans, appears in the left-hand corner of the picture, and one of his "mate," Mr. W. Hearman, in a corresponding position on the right.

A Sermon for Eastertide.

By CANON NEWBOLT,
of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"Because I live you shall live also."—
St. John xiv, 19.

Eastertide comes as bright sunshine after a stormy week.

The Easter sun lightens the Cross, it sheds its radiance even on the tomb. If men become resolute as they gaze upon the Cross, they become joyful as they look upon the Easter sun.

And we see, first of all, the extent of life. The more comfortable the world is made for us, the richer its prizes, the fuller its treasures, the greater its victory over pain, the greater its resources—the less willing we are to leave it. We hear the querulous complaint sometimes of the disappointed man, "Let me die, that I may turn my back on a world which has been hard to me"; we witness much too frequently the hasty impatience of the suicide, who recklessly hurries out of the world to avoid its pains or to escape its responsibilities, which have become to him intolerable; but we do not hear much of the impatience which burned in the heart of St. Paul to depart and to be with Christ, which is better than staying here.

PREPARING FOR ETERNITY.

My brethren, we are preparing now in this life of time for the life of eternity.

It is startling to think how much the formation of our resurrection body is, so to speak, in our own hands. "A body hast Thou prepared me." Surely it is a poor conception of life that we may misuse every faculty here, pervert the end for which we were made, waste whole years of opportunity, mar the image and likeness of God in us, and then by the magic touch of death find a resurrection body awaiting us hereafter, bearing no relation whatever to our past life. "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." And the signs of recognition which our Lord vouchsafed to His apostles in His spiritual body were the marks which the world had left upon His natural body.

My brethren, what are the marks by which you will be recognised in the risen life? What of that body within which you "make a shadow"? Are there any wounds in it, any marks of conflict? When your godfathers and godmothers gave you, a helpless infant, to the priest at baptism, he signed you with the Cross in token that you should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil.

SOLDIERS WHO SHIRK THE FIGHT.

What signs of honourable conflict have we stamped upon us? Do we bear, as the apostle bore, "the marks of the Lord Jesus"?

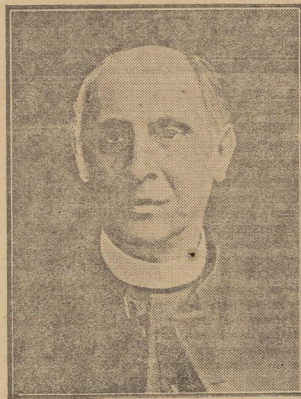
How sad it is to see so many wasted lives around us. The old poet of the ancient world found out that God gives nothing to man without the dust of conflict. Why are there so many followers of an inglorious ease? Why are there so many who have never learned to gird their loins with truth, to give themselves to the right use of their appetites and

powers, instead of letting themselves drift along—dissolute, undisciplined, unready, and unwilling? Why is the breastplate of righteousness laid aside for the silken shirt of self-pleasing? Why does "I like" take the place of "I ought"? Why are the ready shoes of preparedness to preach the gospel of peace? God wants young men to be His ministers; He does not get them. He wants men to volunteer for the forlorn hope of missionary enterprise; He does not get them.

He wants missionaries at home, in society, in business, in the warehouse, in the shop, those who will speak a word for Him, and not mind a wound of scorn and obloquy; but He does not get them.

Where is that generous undertaking of hard things, that desire to strike a blow for God in the conflict which becomes more and more pressing? Where are the wounds of hard endeavour, generous effort, stern self-denial, unflinching courage?

My brethren, are there not too many who are sitting listlessly around the arena of life, watching a conflict in which they take but little part? They



CANON NEWBOLT. (Russell.)

are like those men who may be seen in their thousands on any Saturday afternoon in winter watching the play of a handful of men. Theirs is not the interest of strength of foot or hand, or skill; it is the mere interest of speculation, sometimes heightened by a money stake, as they watch through the scene of the contest—a struggle which they view from the outside. We cannot thus look on at the conflict of life; we must ourselves step down and mingle in the fray. So shall the wounds of conflict, of honourable warfare, shine like jewels in the resurrection body of our spiritual enfranchisement.

MOVING PLATFORM IN NEW YORK.

The moving platform as a means of rapid passenger transit is to have a serious trial at last. The commissioners who have been investigating the subject in New York have decided in its favour.

It is to be installed in a subway under the river, and is to consist of three platforms, the first moving at three miles an hour, the second at six, and the main platform at nine. The platform is to be provided with seats, and as there is no stopping there will be no waiting for trains.

occupying for the last week. Paula was by her side, gazing anxiously into her face, but it was not Paula that Cecilia saw as her senses returned to her—it was the horrible, distorted face of Robert Lidiard as she had caught sight of it in the church.

"Take him away—take him away," she screamed, as she clutched frantically at Paula's arm. "Why has he risen from the dead—why has he come back to torment me?"

"Hush, dear, hush," whispered Paula, "there is no one here but you and I—it is your fancy—only your fancy. You're quite safe."

By degrees Cecilia realised that she was indeed alone in the room with her friend; by degrees she was able to think correctly.

"What does it all mean, Paula?" she gasped. "Have I been ill, and is it a terrible nightmare that has come upon me?"

"It's true, isn't it?" she said, "that I was being married to Jack, and that then something awful happened—something that terrified me, and made me faint? Was I frightened of a shadow, Paula?—overwrought, overstrung?" She threw her arms about Paula and drew the other woman closer to her. "Or did Robert Lidiard, the man who was my husband," she lowered her voice to a whisper, "did he come into the church and claim me at the very moment when I was about to be made Jack's wife?"

Paula Chesson, herself agitated and unnerved, did her best to soothe the girl—to comfort was out of the question. She knew little more than Cecilia herself, for Jack had carried his fainting bride into the vestry, and had immediately arranged for her to be transported to the hotel in the charge of Paula. He had then returned to face the utterly unforeseen catastrophe that had befallen him. As

"ONE HOME OR TWO?"

"Mirror" Readers Debate Whether Man
and Wife Should Live Apart.

Many men make bad husbands but excellent bachelors. The idea of two homes might make an excellent bachelor a good husband. E. H. Crosshill, Glasgow.

Is marriage presently to have no object but that of legitimising children?

Legal separation grants the separate homes—and what misery it brings! Few can guess the bitter anguish that the separation order hides from the public gaze. ELSIE JAY.

If some of your readers had undergone my recent experience, they would, I think, drop altogether the idea of husband and wife living apart. My wife has been away from home, ill, for over a month, and a more depressing feeling when I arrive home I do not wish to experience. Westminister. F. T.

One really could hardly conceive of a more ridiculous suggestion than this of the "two homes." What on earth do a man and woman marry for if not to live together? And if they want a change let one of them go away for a day or two. That seems a simpler and more economical plan than living in two houses. A PRACTICAL HUSBAND.

The idea of separate homes for a husband and wife is a good one.

Separate homes would mean that a woman would have more leisure to herself. As the duty of bringing up the children usually falls to the wife, the only difference this would make is that she would have more time to devote to them. A woman invariably sinks her individuality in that of her husband's, and separate homes would mean independence of thought. Yes; I am in favour of separate homes. TWICE MARRIED. Longman Green, Dumfries.

It has been said that man is what a woman makes him. I venture to say woman is what a man makes her. I am convinced the secret of happiness is endeavouring to contribute to that of other people.

We men are essentially selfish compared with woman. Bestow on her, the more impressionable being, those little attentions you do best to give, and since we beggars love separate homes will not be necessary. Bear in mind that a woman's duties are not less onerous than man's, and we shall hear very little more of that institution, marriage, which the great Eternal instituted for mankind's happiness, being a failure. Horsham, Sussex. BOSKINS.

I envy those wives whose husbands are out of the house six hours of every day; they are free from the continual friction of a man pottering about the house, looking into every little detail, which alone belongs to his wife. Let him provide for his home, but let the wife manage it.

There are exceptions, of course, but I feel sure that wives are really happier among their children and at their home duties when their husbands are out. The children are less trouble, for a man has not a soothing affinity in his home as a rule.

We wives live a heart-broken life; the "lords of creation" fly false colours to the outside world; their wives only know them as they really are. In many cases two homes would prove a blessing; it is difficult to make love master agony. Eltham, Kent. HEATHER.

A PERFECTLY HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

The question may be asked—"Why lay such stress on the skin being healthy?" The answer is easily given. If the skin is healthy it will assist your general health, because its functions as a breathing organ will be more efficiently performed, and it may also be remembered that frequently one of the first signs of ill-health is found in the appearance of the skin. All forms of blood impurity show unmistakably in this way, and point to the fact that not only is outward application of "Antexema" needed, but that "Antexema Granules" should be used to purify the blood. You thus go to the fountain-head, and another thing to remember is that unless the skin is healthy it cannot be beautiful, and there is no excuse for skin blemishes when the treatment for their removal is so easy and the result so sure. Let us emphasise this. If you have spots, or breakings out, on your skin, or such grave troubles as eczema or psoriasis, it is because you prefer to be disfigured rather than adopt the cure which is offered to you.

LOOK TO YOUR SKIN.

As soon as your skin begins to look red, rough, or has pimples upon it, give it attention. Don't say it is too much trouble to do this, as it will probably give you twenty times as much trouble if you neglect it, and you will certainly be sorry afterwards if you have eczema or something equally annoying, because you failed to avail yourself of a simple but marvellously successful remedy. The interest our readers have taken in the subject of the hundreds of letters received daily are clear evidence that our advice has been appreciated. The handbook is honestly worth having, containing, as it does, so much interesting and valuable information, the accuracy of which may be thoroughly depended upon.

A QUIET TALK.

There are many forms of skin trouble, those which show on



letters received by us testifying to "Antexema" to doubt its value.

THE SECRET OF ANTEXEMA.

There is nothing mysterious about the healing and curing powers of "Antexema." When it is applied to the skin it forms an invisible coating over the affected parts, and in that way makes a sort of temporary scarf skin, fresh, healthy, natural skin being thus enabled to grow again. No remedy can be more simple, reasonable, or effective, and the result when tried is both convincing and conclusive.

A POINT WORTH REMEMBERING.

"Antexema" cures every form of skin trouble, and is the very thing for every-day accidents, such as burns, scalds, bruises, blisters. That is why "Antexema" has become a household remedy. Gentlemen who suffer from tender and irritable skins, and who therefore dread shaving, find comfort and healing in the use of "Antexema." The moment it is applied irritation stops.

HAVE YOU HAD OUR FAMILY HANDBOOK YET?

Everyone who has it is pleased with it. It is packed with useful information, and the advice given in regard to curing skin troubles and the keeping cured afterwards should be in everyone's hands. The language is simple and clear, and you should procure a copy at once.

OUR OFFER TO YOU.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d., and our family handbook, "Skin Troubles," is enclosed with every bottle, or will be sent post free to the possessor of *Daily Mirror*, together with free trial of "Antexema." Mention *Daily Mirror*, when writing, and enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and send to "Antexema," 83, Castle-st., London, N.W.

Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Of the events which immediately succeeded the interruption of her wedding Cecilia remembered but little. She had heard the resonant, malignant cry as it rang through the church, "Stop the service, for this woman is my wife," and in a flash of acutest pain she had recognised the voice as that of Robert Lidiard. She had uttered a low moan—a moan of terror—as the man who had come back from the dead strode towards her, as if he would there and then assert his right and his mastery. She had a dim recollection of a bent, shrunken figure advancing towards her, of claw-like hands extended, and of a pair of blazing eyes in hollowed sockets. For a moment she could see nothing but this; a mist obliterated everything else from her sight, even the face of Jack, even the arches and pews of the church, even the surpliced clergyman who stood so close to her, and who had been about to pronounce the benediction upon her nuptials.

Her hands covered her eyes.

"He is dead—he is dead," she cried, and then as she swayed forward, to be caught by Jack's strong arms, she moaned out, though half inaudibly, that a ghost, an evil thing in the guise of man had arisen to torment her.

After that she remembered no more till she awoke on her own bed, and recognised the familiar furniture of the hotel room which she had been

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(Continued on page 11.)

BOYS MUST FIGHT.

Decay of Fisticuffs at Schools an Evil That is Injuring the Race.

By A MOTHER.

The boy who won't fight produces the type of boy who won't grow up.

Modern boys develop very slowly, and a deplorable percentage never become "men," largely because they are not allowed to use their fists in the good old-fashioned sturdy style.

Boys nowadays "rag" one another at school. "Ragging" is the masculine rendering of feminine nagging. The modern schoolboy uses the tongue as his weapon instead of the manly, straightforward methods of the ring.

Eton youths who do not have their fingernails manicured are called "rotters" and outsiders. At another noted public school if one boy offends another they do not have their quarrel out fighting like gentlemen, with duly appointed seconds and sponges, the entire school looking on ready to applaud the pluckiest, and the headmaster in the background barely restraining himself from giving three cheers for the winner. The modern pupil at this school instead drenches his enemy's bed secretly with a jug of cold water.

The writer knows of a boy who never once during his first six months at this particular seat of learning was allowed to spend one night in his bed. If it were not soaking wet all the bed-clothes were removed. Another night the bed was minus a mattress.

The unfortunate boy's career at school was cut short by a violent attack of rheumatic fever. He has remained a chronic invalid, and is dying by inches. He is the victim of "ragging"—which is the weapon of boys who are afraid to fight. It is so simple and safe to wage war with such secret weapons as the contents of a water-jug thrown on a bed.

MIS-SHOWN AFFECTION.

Mothers who tell their boys not to fight lest they may be hurt, are doing but poor service to the State. They are encouraging a pusillanimous spirit which fills the country with boys who never grow up. A boy who does not fight at school and get hurt many times is not likely to make a success in business or commerce. The disappearance of the good old, sturdy British fighting spirit is filling business houses and the professional ranks with effete youths who regard their calling as a "grind."

They did not fight their way at school, they are unfitted to fight their way through the competitive ranks of commercial and business undertakings. Boys used to learn to grip with British bulldog tenacity. That was the outcome of a free use of the fists and the enthusiastic encouragement by parents and school-teachers of the fighting spirit.

The tendency of to-day, if one boy abuses another, is to bring a libel suit instead of settling it then and there before a tribunal of pluck and muscle.

If a modern man insults another man, or the lady with him, a policeman is called in.

A spirit of compromise, self-preservation, and showing the white feather, socially and politically, marks the British twentieth century.

As a nation we used to hit out straight from the shoulder in defence of moral principles or material possessions. But our fighting traditions are weakening. Mothers punish their children for fighting. As a matter of fact, boys who won't fight ought to be well whipped.

YESTERDAY'S DISTRIBUTION OF MAUNDY MONEY.



In accordance with ancient custom, sixty-four aged and deserving poor men and many women were the recipients of the King's bounty yesterday. Each man received £5 0s. 4d., and each woman £4 10s. 4d. Our photograph was taken as the recipients were leaving Westminster Abbey.



The Maundy Money was distributed by King Edward's Lord High Almoner, the Bishop of Ely, who is seen on the right-hand side of the photograph. He was assisted by the Sub-Almoner, Dr. Edward Sheppard, who is on the left.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

been watching Cecilia—knew what was going on all the time, waited with the malice of a fiend until this very morning to proclaim himself. Oh, the brute!—he clenched his fists—"I wish I could kill him. I know what it feels like, Mrs. Chesson, to want to commit a murder." He strode savagely up and down the room. He was trying to restrain himself, to keep calm, but his suffering was plainly written on every twitching muscle of his face. "Time and again I've seen him," he cried, "following us from street to street. I knew he was dogging Cecilia, feared danger for her. Fool that I was not to take him then and throttle the life out of him!" He continued his pacing up and down the room, and for a few moments silence fell. They were moments in which Jack fought with himself and gathered together the courage which he would sorely need.

"What is to be done?" asked Paula helplessly. "I don't know yet," was the reply. "Cecilia must be taken away somehow. She must be guarded against this creature, this drink-sodden wretch, whose madness is apparent in every line of his face. Do you know—" Jack stopped and laughed hoarsely—"do you know what he had the impudence to say when the clergyman and I interviewed him in the vestry? He said that he should return to him, that it was her duty to do so, and his right to demand it. Oh, the brute—think of it! My beautiful, pure Cecilia in the clutches of such a thing! He saw how his words stung me and he repeated them, grinning and grimacing like an ape. I could have taken him and strangled him."

"No, Cecilia must not return to her husband," said Paula slowly. "If we can prevent her from doing so, at least," she added in an undertone, for

Paula Chesson had reason to remember Cecilia's scruples. Was it not a strange freak of fate that this unhappy girl, whose views on wifely duty were so pronounced, should now be placed in such a predicament? What would Cecilia do? Paula could not say, but she had her fears.

Later that evening Cecilia was sufficiently recovered to see Jack.

"Cecilia, my Cecilia," he cried, and he threw himself at her feet, clasping his arms over her knees in passionate embrace, "what can I do—what can I say—I who love you so? Is there nothing that can avert this horror from us?"

She was quite calm. She rested a white hand upon his brown curly hair. "Poor Jack," she murmured, "my poor boy!"

"Don't say that," he burst out, "for God's sake, don't pity me, I can't stand it. I am not clear in my mind yet as to what I ought to do. There's only one thing that I feel for certain, and that is that I can't—I won't lose you."

She made no reply, but her hand continued gently to stroke his hair.

"You can be nothing to that abandoned wretch," he went on brokenly; "he has done this thing to torment and to torture you, Cecilia. You are his no longer, whatever you may have been once. You are mine—mine in the sight of God, who made me love you."

"Hush, dear," she said, and then: "poor Jack." There was infinite pathos in the repetition of the phrase.

He glanced up quickly, meeting her eyes, and fear stole into his heart.

"Cecilia," he cried, "you don't mean—I have been thinking it out, and have been telling myself that you will never—never see this man again; that you will forget he exists, for you are mine, Cecilia, mine, and I shall not let you go."

"I am another man's wife, Jack," she said softly. "It is a strange thing—that this has happened to

me. I love you, and I am another man's wife."

"You are not bound to him!" Jack sprang to his feet.

"Hush," she said again, "you must not speak like that, Jack. I, too, have thought it out. I have been in hell, I have been tempted with a great temptation, and I have struggled and fought with myself."

"And you have decided what you will do?" he questioned hoarsely.

His hands fell upon her shoulders, and it was as though he would lift her up, clasp her in his arms, and hold her to him. The sickening fear of losing her was upon him.

"Don't say that we must part, Cecilia," he panted.

"But I do." Her voice was barely audible.

"I must not see you again—not while Robert Lidiard lives. I must not—I dare not."

"If you love me—" he began.

"Oh, don't question my love," she interrupted passionately. "I love you, Jack, with all the strength of my heart. My pulses beat for you, my nerves thrill at your touch. It is because I love you so that we must part. I must be true to myself, Jack, true to my own principles. There would never be any happiness for us if I failed in this."

"But what will you do?" he cried desperately.

"You have given up your profession. You cannot live alone. Think—Cecilia—think!"

"I have made up my mind," she said slowly.

"Right or wrong, I know what I conceive to be my duty."

"And that is?" he asked, then paused.

Cecilia handed him a letter, a letter which had been sent to the hotel by messenger.

"Read that," she said. "It is Robert Lidiard, my husband, who has sent it to me."

Her hands fell to her sides, and her head sank back against the cushion of the chair. She remained passive, inert, watching him as he hurriedly passed his eyes over the roughly-scratched note. He read, and the letter fell from his hand, fluttering to the floor.

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"You cannot go to him, Cecilia," he cried, anger flashing from his eyes. "He is more of a devil even than I thought him. He threatened this in the vestry, but I hardly took his words seriously. He is mad, I tell you—mad, and it would be suicide for you to think of returning to him."

"I am his wife," she murmured. "I would have gone back to him before, when I found that I was mistaken as to his death. I don't think I loved him then, but I was filled with horror at the thought of having deserted him. It is the same thing now. Oh, Jack, Jack!"—she lifted her hands helplessly—"don't be hard upon me, don't make me suffer more than I am suffering"—her voice became a moan of supplication—"don't tempt me."

Jack sank into a chair, rocking himself to and fro in an agony which he could no longer conceal.

"Kiss me and go, Jack," she said faintly, "for we must not meet again, and this—is this pain greater than we can endure. I can't explain to you all I feel—I can't find words to do so—and you wouldn't understand me if I tried. It's simply that a woman owes herself utterly to the man she marries, that as long as he lives she is bound to him. That's why I have answered Robert's letter and said that I will go to him to-morrow."

"It is madness," cried Jack, as once more he sprang to Cecilia's side; "it will be like letting you go to your death. Cecilia, for a principle you are sacrificing your youth, your love, your life." He drew her up from her chair, he clasped her to his breast, he showered kisses on her hair, her cheeks, her lips. But her lips were very cold—as cold as his own, and he could not stir them to response.

She fell back as soon as he released her, and he saw that she was near to fainting. "Go, Jack,"

(Continued on page 13.)

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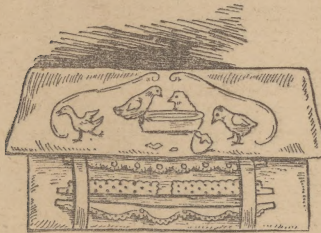
USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL EASTER EGGS—A RAINY-DAY COSTUME.

A BRIDE'S EXPERIENCES
IN THE KITCHEN.NURSERY MEALS FOR TWO LITTLE
NIECES.

Unlike very many cooks, Martin took great pains over the meals for two little people in the nursery—my sister's children, who were left with us while their parents were in India.

Many people have an idea that anything is good enough for the nursery. What a mistake this is! In reality, children's diet requires far more careful thought than an adult's. For children require food not only to repair and make good the daily wear of their bodies, but also to build up those bodies, and they must be so fed that each and all their organs receive their proper nourishment.

A large amount of meat is not necessary or good for children. Give them plenty of milk and as



A useful collar-case, the outside of which is white satin, painted with a design of chickens and eggs.

much variety as possible, for a child wearies of mutton and rice pudding every day as much as a grown person does. As I said, Martin spared no trouble in arranging the children's dinner. One day she would have steamed plaice or whiting, with a little plain melted butter or parsley sauce. This would be followed by a fairly substantial pudding. Another day there would be a mince of fresh mutton with stewed watercress or some other green vegetable. One pudding which greatly charmed the little ones was a kind of Yorkshire pudding, but made in little tins, one for each child. With these Martin always served stewed fruit. It probably gave Martin a little more trouble to make the two puddings instead of the one big one, but I think she felt amply repaid by the delight of the children at having a whole pudding all to themselves.

Soup Nightcap.

I do not agree with the old-fashioned idea that children should eat nothing between early tea and breakfast next morning. I think it is a great mistake. Just before going to bed my children had either a cup of broth or soup, some milk pudding, or perhaps bread and milk. For breakfast they usually began with porridge, and then had a roast apple, stewed figs, or fresh fruit stewed.

Before giving you a few of the recipes Martin used, let me say a word or two on the foods which should never be given to children. I will confess

I took up this subject rather holly; I felt I knew absolutely nothing about children, so set to work and studied the subject in all its aspects.

WHAT TO AVOID.

Fried foods of all kinds.
Highly seasoned dishes, sauces, curries, and pickles.

Pork, geese, or fat poultry.
Oily fish, such as herrings or salmon.
Shell fish of any kind.
Pastry and rich cakes.
Young meat, such as lamb and veal.

RECIPES.

MINCE OF FRESH MUTTON.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of lean mutton, one tablespoonful of butter, half a tablespoonful of flour, half a tablespoonful of chopped onion, half a pint of stock, four ounces of boiled rice, pepper and salt.

Mince the mutton, but not too finely. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the flour and finely-chopped onion, and fry them carefully a golden brown. Now pour in the stock or water. Stir till it boils, then add the meat; let it come to the boil, then draw it to the side of the stove and let it simmer gently for about three-quarters of an hour. Season it carefully. It must on no account boil, or the meat will harden.

Have ready some nicely-boiled rice, arrange it in a border on a hot dish, and put the meat in the centre.

EGG SOUP.

INGREDIENTS.—Three onions, one ounce of butter, three pints of mutton broth, one tablespoonful of flour, the yolks of three eggs.

Slice the onions thinly; melt the butter in a saucepan, then fry the onions a pale brown; next pour in the broth and let it boil till it is reduced to one quart. Now strain out the onions. Mix the flour smoothly with a quarter of a pint of milk; strain it into the broth, and add half a teaspoonful of salt and a dust of castor sugar.

Stir this over the fire till the flour thickens the soup. Let it cool a little, then strain in the beaten yolks of the eggs. Stir it over a slow fire till the eggs are cooked; but the soup must on no account



The gondola, piled high with chocolate eggs, over which a chicken gondolier keeps guard.

boil, or the eggs will curdle it. Serve the soup in a hot tureen with sippets of toast, or in each child's own little soup bowl.

STEAMED WHITING OR PLAICE.

Skin and fillet the fish, roll each fillet round your finger, then place them in a jar; lay a piece of buttered paper over the top of the jar, put it in a saucepan with boiling water to come half way up the jar; then boil gently for ten minutes. Serve the fish with a little nice sauce, such as parsley.

give him. It was short and pathetic; Cecilia's agony was written in every word.

"Read it," the girl said to her friend; "you understand me, so you will understand my letter."
"Don't try to see me again, Jack, my beloved!"—the words seemed blurred to Paula's tear-dimmed eyes—"for the sake of the pure love we bear each other I beg you not to. Help me to be true to myself, to my conscience. Help me in my struggle, for I am weak and cannot trust myself. If I saw you often the temptation might be more than I could resist—and that would not be for my happiness or yours. Dear, I love you, remember always that I love you; but it is just because of our love that we must not meet. And I want you to do more than this, Jack. I want you to go to Kitty and win her love—it is not yours already. She has the right to love you.

After Easter

A NEW STORY
of thrilling interest
will begin in the
"Daily Mirror."

WATCH FOR IT.

EASTER WEDDINGS.

RETURN OF THE SIMPLE AND
STATELY ROBE.

The gorgeous and elaborate confections in which the brides of a season or so ago went to the altar have given place to robes of a much more simple character.

There have been several ultra-fashionable weddings in Paris within the last few months, and though in each instance the details of the affair were most elaborate, and the costumes of the



Waterproofed cloth costume for a wet Easter, with a detachable cape cut into deep epaulettes at the sides.

bride's mother and the other women present were truly splendid, the bride's gown was, without exception, very simple, relying for its success upon the perfection of its lines and the beauty of the materials of which it was composed.

Exquisite lace may bring the cost of the gown up to a startling figure, but it must not be fussily and intricately arranged, and though priceless lace veils—often family heirlooms—are sometimes worn over the face, it will be good news to the bride who cannot afford such a thing that many of the wealthiest and most fastidious of brides prefer the simple veil of tulle to the costly veil of lace, considering that it is more girlish, more becoming, and that it allows the lines of the gown and the figure to assert themselves more effectively than any other veiling. The arrangement of the veil has much to do

with the appearance of the bride, and demands careful study. It is becoming quite à la mode to employ an artist in such matters, but if the services of an expert are not available the wise girl will invest in an inexpensive veil and will spend some hours in experimenting with its arrangement, so that when the wedding day comes she will know exactly what form of adjustment is most becoming to her, and need not experiment at the last moment with her new length of tulle, to the damage of both its appearance and her nerves.

There is a liking just now for the veil arranged in two soft choux above the temples, with folds of the tulle or a little half-wreath of flowers in the form of a diadem filling the space between. This is not becoming to all faces, which makes the fact a happy one that there is no fashion in such cases; individual requirements alone control the decision. But, save in the case of royal brides, the veil must be worn covering the face when the bride goes to the altar.

Satin holds its own as the modish material of the moment, and is now quite, just as it used to be, the material par excellence for the wedding dress of the day. But it is a new satin, a satin soft and supple to a degree unknown to the satin of yesterday, but, like it, very rich in quality.

Simple Supple Satin.

For informal weddings and for very girlish brides soft fabrics like extremely light satins, mousseline, crêpe de Chine, and other fine white materials are especially appropriate, and such gowns are more readily utilised after the wedding for evening and dinner wear; but for the formal wedding and for the dress that is to be a wedding gown pure and simple supple satin is recommended by the most fashionable dressmakers. It is becoming quite a vogue among brides to wear their wedding dress for the one day only, and then to put it by in lavender.

The long skirt is practically a necessity for the wedding gown, and many modistes consider the Princess model the most effective one under the vaporous floating veil, but it requires a very good figure to carry off a Princess gown, and on the whole a bodice and skirt model is a safer choice. One seldom sees a French wedding toilette without some garniture of orange blossoms upon it, and, of course, this fashion prevails also in England; while bouquets are mostly composed of lilies of the valley, white lilac, white orchids, and white roses.

The Louis and Directoire periods, and also the 'sixties of last century, offer particularly good suggestions for bridesmaids' frocks. Flowered silk coats in some of the beautiful new silks, soft rich and wonderful in colour and design, are worn over skirts of chiffon, mousseline, or net. Sometimes the coats are built of plain lustrous silk, and have richly embroidered revers and cuffs, while the skirt is of a fine material instead of being made of gauze.

A HINT ON FURNISHING.

Do not fail, in the first place, to make a clear and comprehensive estimate of what you require and what you can afford for each room, and keep the estimate well within the limits of the sum you have to spend on your furniture. It is advisable to allow an adequate amount for each room separately, because by this means you will realise more clearly how your money is being spent.

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The two women mingled their tears, but it was with the exaltation of a mutual sacrifice.
(To be continued.)

Reginald Hanson, who died in Italy on Wednesday night, lost one of its most popular vice-presidents. Reginald joined the L.A.C. in 1875, and was the do of the 120 Yards Hurdles Challenge Cup.

Momentous Matches to Decide the Championship — The Last Two Places.

THE VILLA'S VICTORY.

To the ordinary man in the street the Cup final last Saturday provided a splendid game, but to those of us who have seen Newcastle United at their best the match was a sore disappointment.

I have no wish to disparage Aston Villa in the least, for every man in the team was at the top of his form, and never a worthier side carried off the Cup. The Novocastrians, however, failed where I thought they would be strongest—at half-back. The flogging methods of the forwards in front of goal more than justified the doubts on this point I expressed last week. In my humble opinion the weakness of McWilliam was the main cause of the United's failure, and how on earth the clever young Scot came to give Brown so much room I am at a loss to understand.

The mistaken tactics were abandoned in the second half, but the mischief was then done, and I can only congratulate the Villa on their really brilliant victory, for undoubtedly their dashing display was more accountable for the Novocastrians' failure than any weaknesses of the losers.

Hard-working Official Retires.

The retirement of Mr. T. H. Sidney from the vice-presidency of the League is a severe blow to that body, and a matter for sincere regret. Mr. Sidney was no mere ornamental official. He worked hard and conscientiously from a pure love of the sport, and it is only because his abilities are required in another and more important sphere as chairman of the Wolverhampton Education Committee that he has taken the step. Mr. Sidney will be difficult to replace, and will be sorely missed in the deliberations of the management committee.

Generally, when the Cup final is over, the season finishes out, but this year the campaign will be full of interest to the very last, for both the championship of the League and the question of promotion are undecided factors.

Everton and Newcastle United are likely to fight out the premiership, but the first-named, though three points ahead of the Novocastrians, who have a match in hand, play all their remaining games away, viz., against Manchester City, Woolwich Arsenal, and Notts Forest. Even if they triumph at the latter two places, I am doubtful of their ability to win at Hyde-road, the City are by no means out of the running. The Evertonians are not at all certain to finish at the top, as Newcastle have two matches at home this week. These are against Stoke and Sunderland, and it is probable that the issue will not be definitely settled until the very last Saturday of the season.

Newcastle and the Championship.

Much depends on the Manchester City and Everton engagement to-day, for the first-named might easily finish up with forty-eight points, though if Everton win the other two matches mentioned they would have a total of forty-nine points. Newcastle will have to win all their remaining engagements to be absolutely certain of being champions, so that the position is interesting to a degree.

At the other end of the table Bury are more than likely to join Notts County in the descent to the Second Division. Wolverhampton, Stoke, and Middlesbrough may be said to be practically safe, and Bury will have to win both their remaining matches to escape. Both these are at home against Notts County and Aston Villa, but should Notts Forest defeat Everton on Monday then the ex-Cupholders are almost certain to be doomed. Quite as interesting is the fight for promotion in the Second Division between Liverpool, Bolton Wanderers, and Manchester United. Each have three matches to play with United a point behind both their rivals, but Liverpool have the championship within their grasp, for all their engagements are at home. They meet Manchester United to-day, and it is curious that Liverpool and Manchester United at Liverpool and Manchester City and Everton at Manchester should be engaged at the same time on such momentous issues.

The Wanderers have to play all their remaining matches away, and Manchester United have one home engagement out of the three. I find it hard to determine which of the two will accompany Liverpool to the First Division. Everything depends on the game at Anfield.

To-day's Matches.

To-day's matches in the First Division are four in number, and main interest centres in the game at Gigg-lane and Hyde-road. I expect Bury will beat Notts County, but on form Aston Villa should beat them easily the following day, and if this be the case then—exit the Shakers! From the First Division, Manchester City are bent on making a big effort to beat Everton, a task they will probably accomplish, and the latter club are by no means certain to beat Woolwich at Plumstead to-morrow, though they surely should not fail where Notts County succeeded.

Newcastle ought to win both their home engagements against Stoke and Sunderland, for they will no doubt have taken the lesson learnt at the Crystal Palace to heart. Preston North End, curiously enough, entertain both the Sheffield clubs, the United to-day and Wednesday to-morrow, and will be fortunate to gain any points at the expense of either of their visitors. Wolverhampton have only to beat Blackburn at home to re-enter themselves safe.

In Division II, I quite anticipate Liverpool making themselves sure of promotion by defeating Doncaster Rovers and Manchester United, and the latter club are not too certain of beating Chesterfield to-day in the town of the crooked spire.

Bolton go from Blackpool to West Bromwich Albion, and a dual success would mean their advancement. However, everything depends on the Liverpool and Manchester United match.

THROSTLE.

Stevenson, of Millwall, may not play at all in the holiday matches. He is unwell.

In connection with the match between Tottenham Hotspur and Portsmouth on Easter Monday, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son have arranged with the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company to run a half day excursion, leaving London Bridge at 11.30 in the morning, due at Portsmouth at 12.30. The return train leaves Portsmouth at eight o'clock the same evening. The fare, there and back, is 3s. 6d.

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